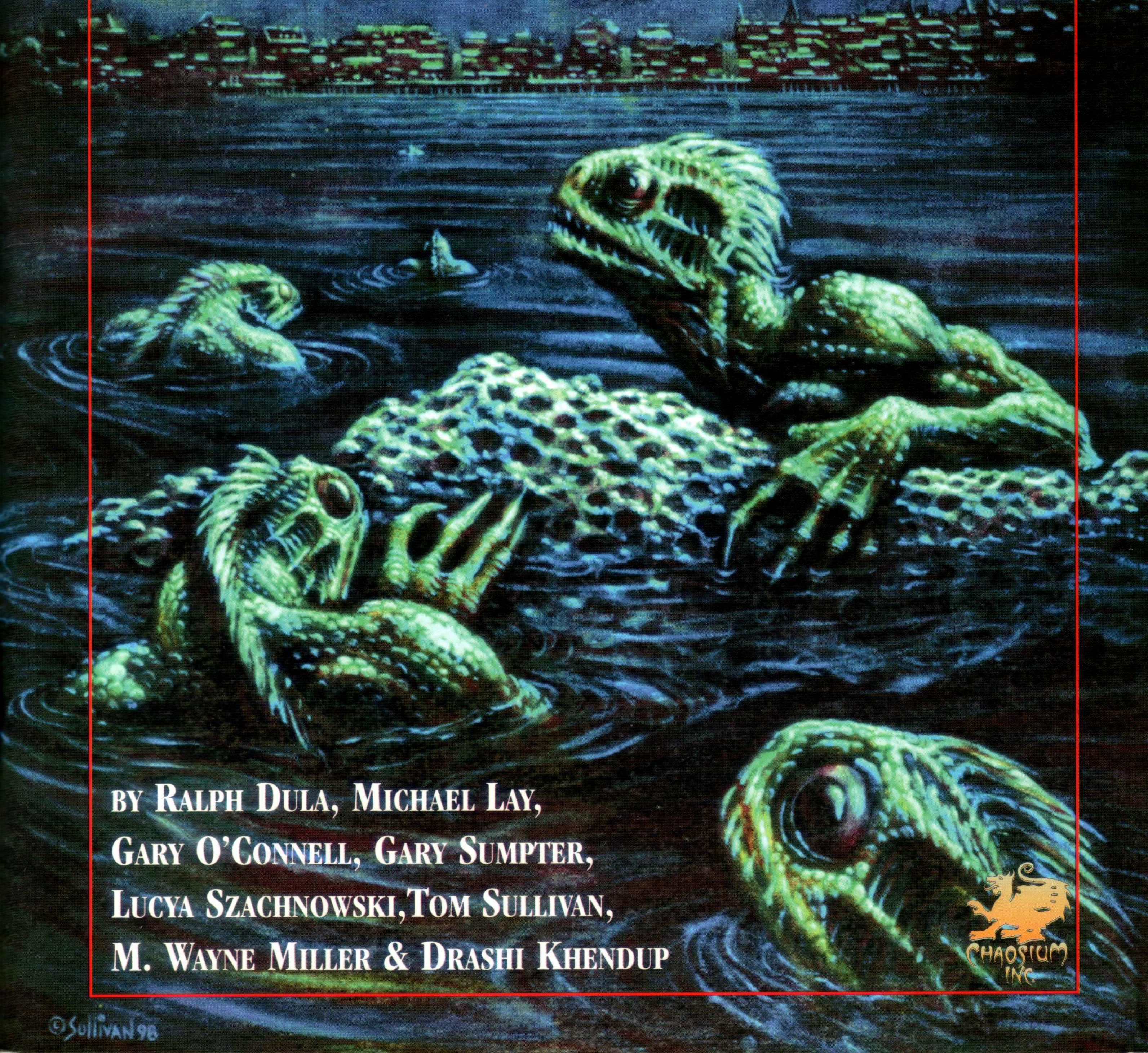
1920s

CALL of CTHULHU

HORROR ADVENTURES

Before the Fall

INNSMOUTH ADVENTURES PRIOR TO THE GREAT RAID OF 1928



BY RALPH DULA, MICHAEL LAY,
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H.P. Lovecraft
1890-1937

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Chaosium Inc.
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Tom Sullivan painted the cover.. M. Wayne Miller drew the interior illos. Drashi Khendup constructed all of the maps for *Before the Fall* with the exception of the Arkham map, which was drawn by Shannon Appel based on an original by Gahan Wilson.

Before the Fall uses the background material which was put together by Kevin Ross for *Escape from Innsmouth*, which was in turned based upon "The Shadow over Innsmouth" by H. P. Lovecraft. Some Arkham stats are drawn from *The Compact Arkham Unveiled*, which was written by Keith Herber.

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Introduction

Adventures in *Before the Fall* occasionally make use of or refer to people or locations developed in *Escape from Innsmouth* and the *Compact Arkham Unveiled.* Those books offer general surveys of the towns of Innsmouth and Arkham, and much more. Neither book need be owned in order to use this book. These adventures are complements, not extensions.

All these adventures are set before the raid on Innsmouth that wreaks havoc on the town in 1928. If you wish to use these adventures in conjunction with those in *Escape from Innsmouth*, it is suggested that they be run after "The Crawford Inheritance" adventure and before "Escape from Innsmouth." The order of adventures in this book is a suggested order of play. Watch for *Children of the Deep*, due out in 1999, which will portray Innsmouth after the federal government raid in 1928.

All of the handouts in this book are collected together at the rear for ease of photocopying. They may be found on pp. 53-60.

All keepers should have read H.P. Lovecraft's excellent "The Shadow over Innsmouth", which is the one vital reference for the shuttered town of Innsmouth and its sullen inhabitants.



Welcome to Innsmouth



Mary

Wherein filial love is explored, and it is discovered that such in Innsmouth may have dire consequences. Also, burglaries, murders, and other annoyances.

Mary had a little lamb,
Its skin was white as snow.
And everywhere the little lamb went,
Mary was sure to go.

This scenario takes place in Arkham and Innsmouth. It begins as a paper chase, as the investigators track down information. It may turn violent after they rattle various cages. Very few Sanity rolls are requested in this scenario. It offers a good introduction to Innsmouth and its curious inhabitants, and does not expose the player characters to great danger. The scenario can occur at any point in the 1920s prior to the Federal raid. *Escape from Innsmouth* discusses the town in detail.

Background

Mary is a deep one hybrid, one of the first to be born in Innsmouth in the 1850s. A precocious child turned into a precocious adult and she had transformed into a full deep one by the age of 20. She retired to Y'ha-nthlei, the city under the waves, where she proved to have an aptitude for the mystical arts. She apprenticed to a powerful deep one sorcerer. Early in the 1900s she mated with a newly arrived hybrid and conceived. Unusually, the child of their union was fully human in form and almost died before he could be taken to one of the air pockets in Y'ha-nthlei. The presence of the human child sparked debate and great hostility among the deep ones. They had presumed that progeny of fully transformed Innsmouth hybrids always would be deep ones in form. Many called for death to the aberration, but the child (Mary had named him Mark) was eventually fostered on shore with a pure human Innsmouth family. They did not have much say in the matter. Mary was angered by Y'ha-nthlei and remembered its arrogance, but she bided her time.

After some circumspect years of study, she stole much gold from the city and made her way to the surface. There she killed the first human female she encountered, and by magic took on that human's visage. Familiar with surface ways from her youth, she stopped briefly in Boston to sell the gold. She traveled the world and grew rich. After many years she has returned to New England, to see the son who now should be full grown.

However, neither son nor adoptive parents are in Innsmouth. The father died three years after adopting the child, and his mother then returned to her home town of Arkham, there to succumb to a curious wasting disease. The boy was adopted by her sister and brother-in-law. Mark grew up almost unaware of his heritage.

FUTURE EVENTS

This adventure is primarily event-driven. There are a number of things that will happen at scheduled times. Depending on how the keeper decides to run the adventure, the investigators may enter any time between Day 1 and Day 8. Their goal will then be to conduct their investigations before everything falls apart on Day 14. Below is a quick summary of the events of this adventure, beginning on Day 1. Also see the scenario events box nearby.

Mary has returned to the Miskatonic Valley. She is in search of her son, Mark. She (or an investigator in her employ) acquires information that leads her to her son's new adoptive family, and then to Mark.

Mary hires a thief, James Mulcahy, to break into her son's house and steal a photograph of him, for her use in sending him dreams. Mulcahy is greedy. He delays to shovel all the family silverware into a bag, and Mark surprises him. A struggle ensues. Mark is knocked unconscious and

A Cast List for the Adventure

Boyd, Samuel and Caroline—long-dead parents of Janet and Annette Boyd. They have no bearing on the story. They lived on East Curwen Street, but the house has changed hands at least twice since then.

Harrigan, Detective Paul—officer in charge of the investigation into the death of James Mulcahy.

Jeffries, Janet (née Boyd)—Mark's adoptive aunt.

Jeffries, Thomas—Mark's adoptive uncle.

Jeffries, Mark—son of Mary Longman. Hybrid.

Lamar, Martha—devoured in 1904 by Mary.

Lamar, Kathleen—niece of Martha Lamar.

Longman, Andrea—Mary's mother. Presumed dead.

Longman, John—Mary's father. Died in 1859.

Longman, Mary—deep one mother of Mark Jeffries.

March, Alan—Mark's adoptive father. Died in 1904.

March, Annette (née Boyd)—Mark's adoptive mother. Died in 1905.

Marsh, Officer Zebediah—Detective Harrigan's sidekick. Possible deep one.

Mulcahy, James—petty thief.

West, Officer Andrew—Harrigan's sidekick.

Mulcahy escapes. Mulcahy delivers the photograph to Mary, doesn't mention the fight, collects his fee, and congratulates himself on a job well done.

Mary reads the full truth in the newspaper the following day. Enraged, she confronts Mulcahy and kills him with a spell. She removes evidence of her involvement, but leaves the loot in Mulcahy's flat for the police to find and return. In her lodgings, she uses the photo of Mark to guide dreams to him. These dreams educate him about his genetic heritage and make his mind more receptive to his mother's true nature. Mary wants him to travel with her, and not come under the thumb of the Marsh family. Two weeks after she arrives in Arkham, Mary leaves the town with her son in tow. Her goal has been achieved.

Two complications occur. The leaders of Innsmouth, who had forgotten Mark except as he connects with Mary, are curious to learn who wants to locate him now. Secondly, Kathleen Lamar claims to have seen her aunt, missing and presumed dead for several years, in Arkham last week. It was really Mary she saw; Martha Lamar did die years ago, and provides Mary with her public visage.

Involving the Investigators

The keeper has several options for involving the investigators; more than one can be employed, especially if the investigators are stumbling or hesitant in their pursuit of evidence.

- Mary fears that she might be recognized in Innsmouth, even with her magical likeness. If one of the investigators is a private detective, a lawyer, or similar, then she offers work to that character (Day 1). At her apartment, Mary explains that she was born and raised in Innsmouth. When she was 17, she had a child. Her parents arranged for its adoption, and she left the community. Now she would like to meet her son. She would therefore like to engage the investigator to locate her son, but not to contact him. Mary suggests that the investigator start with the records of Innsmouth births and deaths. She supplies the child's name, Mark Longman, and his date of birth, January 15, 1901. She does not wish the investigator to contact her parents or the putative father, claiming that she wants to leave old wounds closed. She has no interest in her past life except for her son. The investigator will locate Mark. Mary pays the investigator's fee. Then the story appears concerning the Jeffries burglary and assault.

  If the keeper does not use this hook, presume that Mary hires some other private investigator. One possibility would be Kenneth Heath, who lives at 136 E. Curwen Street, in Arkham.

- A police officer or journalist might become involved with the Jeffries burglary (Day 5) or the Mulcahy murder (Day 6).

- Plagued by vivid nightmares, Mark Jeffries might contact a medical doctor, psychologist, or minister (Day 7 or Day 8). See the discussion of Mark Jeffries.

- A medical doctor might already be involved with Mark Jeffries, who is showing unusual symptoms (the beginning of a deep one transformation) which the doctor believes to be inherited. There might be a medical association paper in it. The doctor would be involved long before the scenario begins. The doctor likely would be called on to treat Jeffries on Day 5, after Mulcahy's attack on him.

- Kathleen Lamar might contact a private investigator or family friend when the police decline interest in the reappearance of her aunt (approximately Day 7).

Time Line: The Past

1855—Mary born during the first wave of hybrid births.

1875—Mary completes her transformation to a deep one and swims to Y'ha-nthlei.

March 1901—Mary bears a male child.

April 1901—Mary's child, Mark Longman, is adopted by Alan and Annette March.

May 1904—Mary flees Y'ha-nthlei. She kills Martha Lamar and uses the spell Consume Likeness to disguise herself.

June 1904—Alan March dies in an accident.

July 1904—Annette March returns to Arkham to live with her married sister, Jane Jeffries.

January 1905—Annette March dies. As requested in her will, Jane Jeffries and her husband adopt Mark, who becomes Mark Jeffries.

Innsmouth

Research in Innsmouth

Innsmouth is the best place to find special bits of information. The investigators are certain to go there at least once, particularly if they start the adventure on Day 1, to try to find Mark. Innsmouth is on the north coast of Massachusetts, about ten miles northeast of Arkham. There is bus service, but investigators may prefer their own transport. Innsmouth is a shadow of its former glory—the halcyon days of trading and fishing are long gone, and much of the shuttered town seems desolate and abandoned. As the investigators drive in, they notice the decayed opulence of the buildings and fixtures. The inhabitants are surly and uninterested in outsiders. Many of them bear the Innsmouth look, from their deep one blood. This is most evidenced by bulging eyes and roughened skin at the neck.

The investigators' most probable port of call will be either the office of Dr. Rowley Marsh, who issues and keeps copies of such documents as birth and death certificates, or the Assembly Hall. Everyone present notices what the investigators want to look at. Their interest concerning Mark Longman is duly reported to the Marsh family and to Y'ha-nthlei.

Dr. Marsh is short and stocky with a jutting jaw and scaly skin. His remaining hair is pushed into a widow's peak. He serves as Innsmouth's Medical Examiner, responsible for signing birth and death certificates. The records are in reasonable order (Dr. Marsh does not want any trouble over something as trivial as a certificate), and he will be helpful provided the investigators are polite and well spoken. Birth and death certificates, along with other paperwork, are kept in boxes spanning five years (*e.g.*, 1901-1905, 1906-1910). If asked, Dr. Marsh does vaguely remember the March family; it was twenty years ago, but he seems to remember that the husband died in a fishing accident and that then the wife took her infant son and moved away.



ROWLEY MARSH

The Assembly Hall is made up of an eclectic selection of building styles covering the previous decades. The investigators are most likely to encounter Eustis Eliot, the wrinkled old harridan who administers the Hall. She is sympathetic to the deep one hybrids and is by nature obstructive and unhelpful: whatever the investigators are after is in deep storage and they should come back in the afternoon; the girl who normally deals with such inquiries is sick and perhaps she will be in tomorrow, but maybe not; and so on. When the investigators reveal that they are interested in the Longman family, Eustis is suddenly the soul of helpfulness. She has been instructed to cooperate with such research. The community leaders want to learn what the investigators will do with the information.



EUSTIS ELIOT

Each of the following requires a successful Library Use roll while looking through the appropriate records.

- Birth (2 February 1821) and death (18 August 1859, from natural causes) certificates for John Longman.
- Birth certificate dated 31 December 1825 for Andrea Longman (née Whateley). No death certificate exists, but the records of this age are somewhat sketchy.
- Birth certificate for Mary Longman, dated 31 August 1855. Her parents are listed as John and Andrea Longman, with an address in the harbor area. If the investigators check, they will find a long deserted shell of a building.

Time Line: The Present

This timeline presumes that the investigators do not interfere, but events may alter. The listed articles in the *Arkham Advertiser* are in the morning edition.

Day 1—Mary arrives in Arkham and settles herself into a rented apartment at the Timbleton Arms, 111 W. Pickman Street.

Day 2—Mary's deputy visits Innsmouth to check the town records.

Day 3—Further research leads Mary to her son living in Arkham.

Day 4—Mary hires James Mulcahy to steal a photograph or portrait of her son.

Day 5—Mulcahy performs the burglary during the afternoon and attacks Mark Jeffries when he intervenes. Mark's photograph is given to Mary. She starts sending dreams to Mark that night.

Day 6—The *Arkham Advertiser* carries an article concerning the Jeffries' burglary; see *Mary Papers #3*. Mary kills Mulcahy for attacking her son.

Day 7—A tip alerts police to Mulcahy's body. Innsmouth hybrids appear in Arkham. Article appears concerning Mulcahy's death; see *Mary Papers #4*.

Day 8—Feature article concerning the "strange woman" (Kathleen Lamar) appears.

Day 14—Mary and Mark leave Arkham for Europe. *Mary Papers #7* is distributed if the Innsmouth watchers have not already attacked Mary.

- Birth certificate for Mark Longman, dated 17 January 1901. His mother is listed as Mary Longman, his father as unknown. The address, given as 127 Marsh Street, does not exist.
- Adoption papers for Mark Longman dated in the first week of February 1901. His new parents are listed as Alan and Annette March of Innsmouth. Their listed address is in the harbor area, but the building has long since fallen into ruin. Technically these papers should not be available to the investigators without a court hearing, but the town is a bit sloppy about such things.
- Death certificate for Alan March, dated 25 March 1904. The cause of death is accidental, "death by misadventure."

THE WATCHERS

Innsmouth notices when the investigators visit. The town leaders are interested in Mark Jeffries in a cursory way—they know that his heritage will eventually manifest and he will be drawn back to them in the fullness of time. They are not particularly interested in the investigators, although they will be if the investigators start to pry into secrets of the community. They are quite interested in Mary, the

hybrid who stole holy relics from Y'ha-nthlei and thereby betrayed her kin and heritage. For a deep one, a more heinous crime is difficult to imagine.

The investigators are obliged to deal with Dr. Rowley Marsh or the town hall staff in order to gain access to the town records. If the player characters manage to conduct their Innsmouth investigation without arousing curiosity, they will have done their job well.

At the same time as these initial investigations, on Day 2, they powers of Innsmouth will begin inquiries of their own. They are interested in learning of Mark Jeffries in the hope that it may lead them to the traitor, Mary.

Innsmouth's inquiries are similar to those of the investigators—their search of the town vital statistics leads them to Arkham, where they track down the current location of Mark Jeffries. Antipathy toward those bearing the Innsmouth taint slows them down, though, and these investigations will not be complete before Day 8. Four agents ("watchers") are sent, all hybrid deep ones in early metamorphosis. See stats for them below. If attacked, they may well run to the nearest police officer and complain!

After Day 8, what the agents do depends on what they have learned. If they already know of Mary's location (most likely because the investigators have led them to her), they will watch her apartment and discuss attacking her in revenge for her theft of the holy artifacts. If they have not uncovered Mary, they will watch the investigators until their movements reveal Mary's location. If they have not located Mary by Day 12, they weigh capturing and interrogating one of the investigators. The investigator is found on the street twelve hours after disappearing, unable to remember what happened (Cloud Memory). He or she has acquired a few bruises and is unaccountably missing 1D6 Sanity.

When Mary's location is discovered, Innsmouth's watchers mount one attack on her. They reason that more than one attack will draw undue attention and protection. The keeper can stage the attack with the investigators present or not. If not, the keeper should presume that a fight occurs in which Mary kills one of her assailants and then uses her Gate spell to go into hiding in Boston. The investigators have little chance of finding her again. A handout is provided to alert the investigators to the attack; see *Mary Papers #7*. If the keeper assumes that the watchers ran afoul of Danny O'Bannion's bodyguards as they attempted to break into the building, the investigators are unlikely to find the bodies or hear of the raid.

If the keeper desires the watchers to be more circumspect, then they might knife or punch Mary in a public place; this will cause her Consume Likeness spell to fail, forcing her into hiding until she can renew it or consume a new likeness.

THE FOUR WATCHERS

These agents of Innsmouth are young and show little of the Innsmouth look.

	STR	*CON*	*SIZ*	*POW*	*DEX*	*HP*
Marsh	13	16	14	12	12	15
Orne	13	16	13	11	10	15
Shepley	16	14	12	11	10	13
Waite	13	14	13	12	15	14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 55%, damage 1D4+1D4
Grapple 50%, damage special
Fighting Knife 45%, damage 1D4+2+1D4

Skills: Climb 40%, Dodge 40%, Drive Automobile 35%, Fast Talk 25%, Hide 40%, Sneak 40%, Spot Hidden 40%

Arkham

After researching records in Innsmouth, investigators should realize that Mark is located in Arkham. Alternatively, this may be the entry point for investigators beginning the adventure after Day 1.

Arkham is a bustling town and home to Miskatonic University. As such it has most of the facilities a town of twenty thousand would have, and Miskatonic University provides several unexpected resources. See *The Compact Arkham Unveiled* for many details; some information about Arkham also can be found in the *Call of Cthulhu* rules, edition 5.5 and later.

Research in Arkham

The town hall and the morgue of a local newspaper, the *Arkham Advertiser*, are obvious sources of information. Research and successful Library Use rolls in Arkham reveal several items.

- *Newspaper article concerning the disappearance of Martha Lamar.* See *Mary Papers #1*.
- *Engagement announcement for Annette Boyd and Alan March.* Smart investigators might compare this with her sister's announcement and deduce that Mr. and Mrs. Boyd were less than thrilled by this daughter's choice. A marriage certificate exists with essentially the same information. See *Mary Papers #5*.
- *Engagement announcement for Janet Boyd and Thomas Jeffries.* A marriage certificate exists with the same basic information. See *Mary Papers #6*.
- *Death certificate for Annette March (née Boyd) dated 21 January 1905.* Death notice in the *Arkham Advertiser*. See *Mary Papers #2*.
- *Adoption papers for Mark March*, making him the ward of Thomas and Janet Jeffries, 51 Derby Road. These will require a court order and a very good reason to access, but it may be possible.
- *Annette March's will* is kept by the town; a successful Law roll produces it immediately, otherwise it is available for inspection the following day. In her will Annette March has requested that her son Mark should be fostered by her sister, Janet Jeffries. The small March estate was placed in trust for Mark.


ASSEMBLY HALL
WAYNE MILLER

Arkham: An Overview

Complete information on Arkham can be found in the Chaosium supplement *The Compact Arkham Unveiled*. It is a small city of approximately twenty-two thousand souls that rests at a bend in the Miskatonic River. It is a renowned place of learning, home to the world-famous Miskatonic University, and also a center of mystery, as witnessed by the odd sightings at the unnamable house at 188 N. Boundary Street and at the Witch House at 197 E. Pickman Street. What follows are descriptions of the *Arkham Advertiser*, the Arkham Police Station, and the Timbleton Arms, all based upon the write-ups in *The Compact Arkham Unveiled*.

THE *ARKHAM ADVERTISER*

Located at 389 W. Armitage Street. One of Arkham's three newspapers—the other two being the *Arkham Gazette* and the *Miskatonic University Crier*. It publishes a morning edition daily and will sometimes print "extras" or "five-PMs" if the news warrants it. The *Advertiser* is open from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. on week days and there is frequently someone in the office as late as midnight. From 10 p.m. Saturday to 8 p.m. Sunday the office is shut down. The publisher of the *Advertiser* is Harvey Gedney.

THE ARKHAM POLICE STATION

Located at 302 E. Armitage Street. This is the main base for Arkham's force of policemen. Officially this staff includes a chief, a captain, three detectives, three sergeants, and fifteen to twenty patrolmen, but finances rarely allow the force to maintain this personnel level. The police station is always open, though only a duty officer is available between midnight and 6 a.m., except on Friday and Saturday nights.

Two holding cells are located in the police station: one each for men and women. The actual jail is located nearby, under the courthouse at the corner of Hyde St. and Peabody Ave.

The chief of the department is Asa Nichols and his captain is William Keats. The three detectives in the department are Chief Detective Luther Harden, Detective Mickey Harrigan, and Detective Ray Stuckey. Stuckey is notable for being on the take—he is paid a salary by Danny O'Bannion.

CHIEF DETECTIVE LUTHER HARDEN, age 44

He's 44, single, hard-boiled, irascible, and present on the scene of almost every noteworthy crime in Arkham for 23 years.

STR 14	CON 14	SIZ 14	INT 15	POW 16
DEX 12	APP 10	EDU 14	SAN 60	HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 75%, damage 1D3+1D4
Head Butt 25%, damage 1D4+1D4
Kick 35%, damage 1D4+1D4
Grapple 55%, damage special

Skills: Debate 60%, Dodge 65%, Drive Automobile 50%, Fast Talk 65%, First Aid 55%, Hide 70%, Law 35%, Library Use 25%, Listen 65%, Oratory 45%, Psychology 65%, Sneak 45%, Spot Hidden 55%.

DETECTIVE MICKEY HARRIGAN, age 28

An affable and sympathetic young man, as honest as the day is long. The head of the Mulcahy murder investigation.

STR 16	CON 17	SIZ 17	INT 14	POW 14
DEX 14	APP 13	EDU 11	SAN 65	HP 17

Damage Bonus: +1D6

Weapons: Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1D3+1D6
Kick 45%, damage 1D6+1D6
Nightstick 65%, damage 1D6+1D6
Grapple 60%, damage special
.45 Revolver 65%, damage 1D10+2

Skills: Bargain 55%, Climb 55%, Credit Rating 40%, Debate 25%, Dodge 55%, Drive Automobile 55%, Fast Talk 45%, First Aid 35%, Handcuff Suspect 55%, Hide 15%, Jump 55%, Law 30%, Library Use 25%, Listen 50%, Maul-Ruck-Scrum 78%, Oratory 15%, Photography 22%, Psychology 45%, Sneak 15%, Spot Hidden 55%, Track 20%.

TIMBLETON ARMS

Located at 111 W. Pickman Street. A five-story building that has luxury apartments for rent. Besides Mary Longman, this is also home to gangster Danny O'Bannion.

DANNY O' BANNION, age 33

The boss is 33, six feet tall, and heavily built; he remembers and tells jokes well, and can talk about anything for hours. Born and raised in Boston, he is third-generation Irish. He wears tailored suits and owns his own automobile—the traditional gangster black Packard. O'Bannion's charming facade conceals a cold and brutal personality which relishes humiliating and destroying those who cross him.

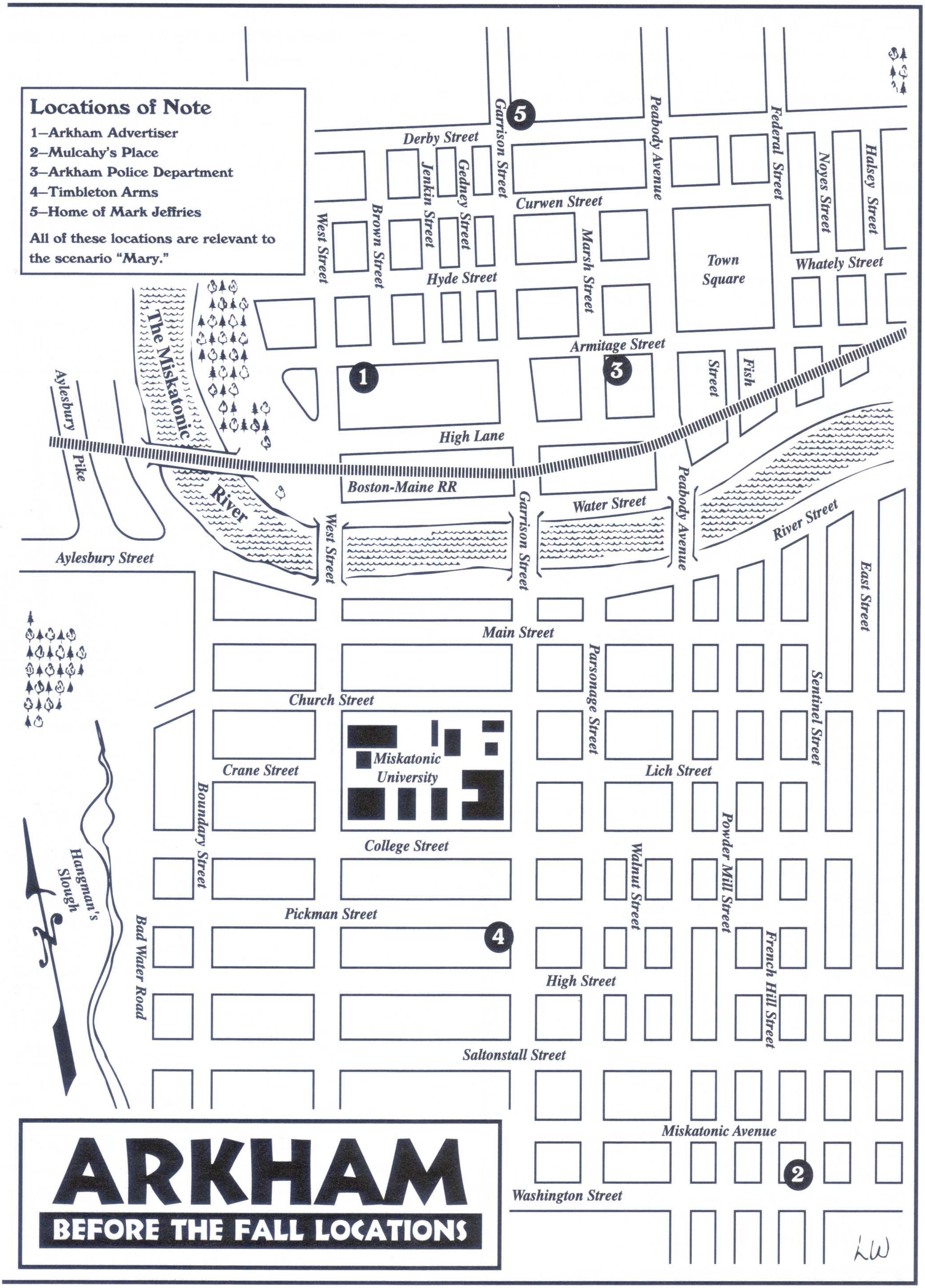
STR 15	CON 15	SIZ 16	INT 15	POW 14
DEX 13	APP 15	EDU 12	SAN 21	HP 16

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 55%, damage 1D3+1D4
Head Butt 40%, damage 1D4+1D4
Kick 65%, damage 1D6+1D4
Grapple 35%, damage special
Blackjack* 55%, damage 1D8+1D4
.38 Automatic Pistol 40%, damage 1D10

** does only knock-out damage*

Skills: Accounting 15%, Bargain 45%, Credit Rating 50%, Dodge 65%, Drive Automobile 35%, Fast Talk 75%, Listen 35%, Oratory 25%, Psychology 50%, Sneak 30%, Spot Hidden 45% ■


Locations of Note
1–Arkham Advertiser
2–Mulcahy's Place
3–Arkham Police Department
4–Timbleton Arms
5–Home of Mark Jeffries
All of these locations are relevant to the scenario "Mary."
ARKHAM
BEFORE THE FALL LOCATIONS
Derby Street
Garrison Street
Peabody Avenue
Federal Street
Noyes Street
Halsey Street
Jenkin Street
Gedney Street
Curwen Street
Brown Street
West Street
Marsh Street
Town Square
Whately Street
Hyde Street
Armitage Street
Fish Street
The Miskatonic River
Aylesbury Pike
High Lane
Boston-Maine RR
Water Street
River Street
Aylesbury Street
East Street
Main Street
Parsonage Street
Church Street
Sentinel Street
Miskatonic University
Crane Street
Lich Street
Boundary Street
College Street
Walnut Street
Powder Mill Street
Hangman's Slough
Pickman Street
Bad Water Road
High Street
French Hill Street
Saltonstall Street
Miskatonic Avenue
Washington Street

Mulcahy's Place

James Mulcahy's apartment is on the second floor of 21 South Sentinel Street, in a seedy part of Arkham. His neighbors did not know him well; he had recently moved in. The most garrulous neighbors, a retired couple (the Evans), know that he liked his liquor and seemed to have a ready supply of it. If he worked, they never saw any evidence of it. They imply that he was a crook of some sort. They were in on the night of his death, but heard nothing until the police knocked.

The door to Mulcahy's flat is locked. An official notice on the door states that the place is sealed under court order. Going inside is a felony. The lock, however, is temptingly easy to pick, and the supervisor of the building can be bribed ($5 suffices) to leave his keys for ten minutes. The flat is basic, consisting of a living room, bathroom, bedroom, and kitchen, and is poorly furnished. The renter was untidy and cared little for appearances. The shelves are dusty. The laundry basket overflows.

Police have searched the flat. Additional searching reveals items potentially of interest to the investigators that the police passed over. Each item requires a successful Spot Hidden or a statement from the player that his or her character is performing an action that would cause the item to be noticed.

- A stain in the living room at the head of a chalk figure drawn on the floor. Chemical analysis reveals that the stain is from sea water.
- Shards of glass and a slight smell of alcohol near the outstretched hand of the figure.
- Two empty brandy bottles in the rubbish, still smelling of alcohol.
- A plain wooden picture frame discarded in the rubbish bin. No sign of the accompanying photograph.
- A small tool kit containing lock picks and a glass cutter.

Events Concerning Mulcahy

On Day 6 Mary read of the assault on her son, arrived at Mulcahy's apartment, and knocked on the door. Mulcahy opened the door, already on his second snifter for the evening. Seeing Mary, he invited her in, presuming that she had another job for him. As he turned to make some wisecrack, Mary completed casting Breath of the Deep and Mulcahy dropped to the floor, his lungs brimming with sea water. Unable to raise the alarm, he died where he lay. Mary checked the room for anything incriminating and left the building. The following morning she phoned the police from a public phone and suggested that they search Mulcahy's apartment for stolen goods. The police had the building supervisor open the door. They found the body and were able to identify items stolen from Mark Jeffries a day earlier.

- A matchbook with "51 East Derby Street" written on the cover. The matchbook is unadorned, and there is no clue as to where it came from.
- There are no fresh scratches around the keyhole of the lock, implying that no one has tried to pick the lock.
- Although the supervisor will not volunteer the information (he does not want to get involved), if shown a photo he admits to recognizing Mary as having been in the building on the night of the murder. "She entered at about 8 p.m. and left, oh, maybe ten minutes later."

The Police

Unless the investigators are foolish or rash, the police become involved only after Mulcahy burgles the Jeffries house. They make a cursory investigation concerning the burglary. They become much more involved when Mulcahy is found dead. Detective Mickey Harrigan heads the murder investigation, with Officers West and Marsh assisting. Harrigan will not discuss an ongoing investigation unless he is convinced that the investigators have something to trade in return for his information, or that they have a right to know. Legally representing Thomas or Mark Jeffries would constitute a right to know. Harrigan will not tolerate interference in police business. If his wrath is incurred, he can be obstructive or abusive, and may even assign surveillance to keep tabs on those annoying investigators.


DET. MICKEY HARRIGAN

Martha Lamar disappeared two decades ago, long before Harrigan's time. As far as he is aware, Lamar's body was never found, and nothing came of the investigation, which ultimately concluded that she died by drowning. Her husband Ben briefly was a suspect, but the investigating officer concluded that he was innocent of any crime.

Concerning the Jeffries burglary, Harrigan is on firm ground. The thief was James Mulcahy, who had a record of such thefts, and the missing items were found in Mulcahy's apartment. Since the thief is dead, the items have been returned. The investigation of the theft is closed. One wrinkle is that a single item remains to be recovered—a framed photograph of Mark Jeffries.

Mulcahy's death poses uncertain footing. Harrigan thinks that Mulcahy was murdered, but that is not necessarily the only explanation. Since Mulcahy must have drowned in the ocean, his death could be either deliberate or accidental, and there is no evidence of murder. Further, if the small-time thief were murdered at sea, why was his body not thrown overboard, to the fishes? Instead, Mulcahy's body seems to have been moved by parties unknown, for reasons unknown, and the clothes he wore show no trace of sea water. Was Mulcahy also involved in smuggling? There is no evidence. No one on South Sentinel Street saw anything.

The doctor performing the post mortems (there have been two to date, since the results of the first were questionable) declared that Mulcahy had drowned at sea. His lungs were full of sea water. Given Mulcahy's presumed association with smugglers, that might make sense. But then why did someone go to the trouble of retrieving the body, changing the clothes, returning Mulcahy to his flat, and artistically arranging a smashed whiskey glass near his outstretched hand?

A copy of the post mortem report is available to anyone with valid reason to know. Harrigan can also supply a copy if he is convinced that he has reason to. It states that James Mulcahy died from drowning; his lungs were full of sea water. Neither the clothes not the slippers he was wearing when found showed any sign of salt water. The report also found evidence of alcohol in his blood.

A Red Herring: Kathleen Lamar

Miss Lamar is a keeper wild card. Use her to simplify or complicate the investigation, or drop her altogether from the narrative. She is the only witness able to testify that a person identical to Mary was in the area several years previously.

When Kathleen was small, her aunt Martha Lamar vanished. Extensive searches were made at the time. The police eventually concluded that Mrs. Lamar had drowned (the newlywed Lamars had been on a camping holiday on the coast at the time). This is reported in the press of the day, including photos of Martha Lamar. Police files about this are closed. See *Mary Papers #1* or "The Police" subsection above.



KATHLEEN LAMAR

Kathleen grew up remembering the disappearance, and was therefore staggered a few days ago to see her aunt, looking not a day older, sitting in a coffee shop reading the newspaper. Kathleen fainted at the sight, but her attempts failed to convince the police of what she had seen.

To help her solve the mystery of her aunt, Kathleen Lamar might approach a private detective, family friend, or group of people known to be interested in weird events. She owns a photograph of her aunt taken just before the disappearance. The resemblance to Mary Longman is perfect. A second possibility is that Kathleen gives her story to the *Arkham Advertiser*. They treat the story broadly but respectfully, and also print the photograph and a request for information.

People

The success or failure of this adventure will depend upon how the investigators interact with a number of different people. Below is basic information on those people, notes on how they will react over the two week period, and in some cases information on where they reside. Notes are also included regarding a few deceased people that investigators might research.

MARY LONGMAN, age 75, deep one hybrid

Mary's early history has already been discussed. After she left Y'ha-nthlei she traveled extensively, studying whatever took her fancy. During this period she managed to leave almost no trace—the only organization that might be able to trace her movements is her bank in Boston, which wired her money periodically. The bank's records are essentially invisible, lacking evidence to prompt the investigation of them.

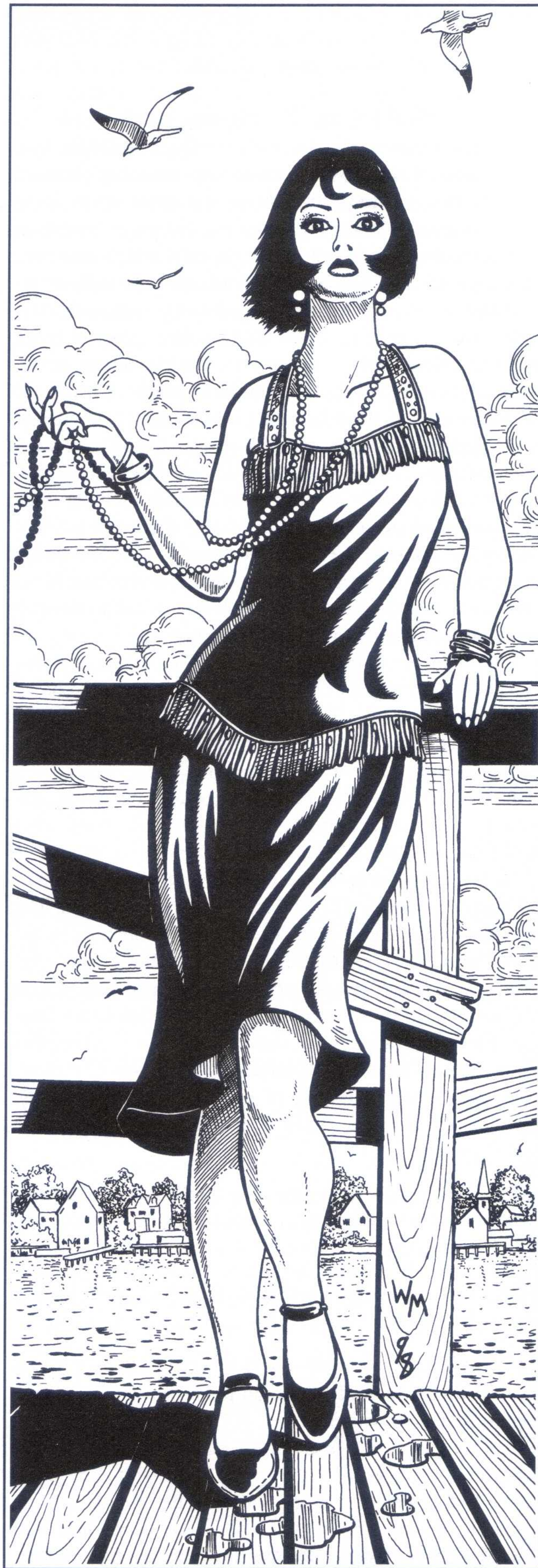
Mary's Consume Likeness spell lets her appear to be an attractive woman in her thirties with shoulder-length brown hair and brown eyes. She is about five foot six. Because of the deficiencies of the Consume Likeness spell (principally, she has a curiously shaped shadow, and the loss of a hit point can shatter the illusion she emits) she tries to avoid strong light and will not walk in public unless she has to. If her shuffling gait is commented on she explains that her back was damaged in a childhood fall from an apple tree. She wears strong perfumes to disguise the sea scent of a deep one. More than once she has chosen to drop her disguise, leaving would-be assailants terrified and running away.

Intelligent and resourceful, she has no regard for humans, but recognizes that slaughtering people out of hand draws undesirable attention. A natural mimic and benefiting from many years of elocution lessons, she has overcome most traces of her harsh deep one voice.

She functions well in 1920s human society. She is also perfectly capable of torturing a foe to death to learn what he or she knows.

During this adventure she rents an opulent apartment in the Timbleton Arms, 111 W. Pickman Street, Arkham. The doorman is alert and conscientious. Her apartment is on the third floor, and consists of a sitting room, bedroom, kitchen, and bathroom. All are well maintained and clean. The furnishings show a certain degree of tasteful coordination. Mary will already be seated when the investigators arrive for a visit, unless they evade the doorman. The apartment smells quite strongly of her perfumes. Should the investigators choose to break in at some point, they notice the following.

- The renter has relatively few personal possessions. (There is no photograph of Mark; Mary keeps that with her at all times.)
- She has borrowed a number of books on local history from the public library.
- A set of five uncommonly light metal plates covered with strange hieroglyphs in an unknown language, perhaps that used by deep ones. A Chemistry roll suggests that the plates are made from magnesium. A Cthulhu Mythos roll associates the hieroglyphs with deep ones. The keeper determines the nature of these tablets. They might contain information about the deep ones and Mary's spells. They are extremely difficult to translate.



MARY LONGMAN

- A copper bowl approximately twelve inches in diameter. A Mythos roll identifies the bowl as used in the spell Send Dreams.
- A crumpled receipt for the hire of a garage in the south side of town. The receipt is dated the day Mary arrived in town and lasts for a month. This was probably thrown at the waste basket, but instead slid under a sideboard.
- A full-length mirror. If Mary believes that she is being watched, she enchants the mirror with a short range Gate spell. On the back of the mirror are a series of strange markings which form the Gate spell. The Gate opens in the garage that Mary hired when she arrived. In the garage is a fully fueled and well maintained car as well as enough supplies to last Mary for several days. To make pursuit difficult, the gate is only operational if Mary is in the room.

The notorious Danny O'Bannion resides in the penthouse suite of Mary's building. Mr. O'Bannion is the local mob kingpin, grown rich on smuggling alcohol throughout prohibition. Investigators mounting dawn raids or stealthy burglaries might well run into a watchful mobster or two.



DANNY O'BANNION

If the investigators keep Mary under surveillance, she has a fairly constant routine. She rises late and remain in her apartment until about 1 p.m. when she heads to some local restaurant or diner. There she has a light lunch and reads the papers. At 2 p.m. she returns to her apartment or heads for the local library, where she spends the afternoon in the local history section. She has dinner in her apartment at about 7 p.m. and her lights burn well into the early hours. Having little else to do until her spells are complete, Mary is spending her days researching the background of the local area, mostly for her own amusement. The keeper might employ this as a red herring. If Mary notices that she is being followed, she will take no action, except to prepare her Gate spell.

She has no reason to fear the investigators unless she comes to believe that they are from Innsmouth. Only then might she take action against them. Mary is a powerful sorcerer, but most of her spells are more practical than offensive. For example, if confronted by a policeman, she might use Cloud Memory or Mesmerize to assure him that all his questions have been answered to his satisfaction. Create Gate is a fine escape spell. She uses Send Dreams and Siren's Song on her son. She also routinely casts five points of Flesh Ward on herself in the morning. This gives her an average of 18 points of protection for the next twenty-four hours, at which point she recasts the spell. Deflect Harm is also available to her.

MARY

STR 14	CON 14	SIZ 11	INT 17	POW 19
DEX 10	APP 14*	EDU 15	SAN N/A	HP 13

** Mary's Appearance score presumes that she is cloaked by her Consume Likeness spell and appears human.*

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Claw 50%, damage 1D6+1D4 (two attacks)

Armor: 1-point skin and scales plus 5D6 (average 18) points of ablative protection from the Deflect Harm spell.

Skills: Bargain 50%, Conceal 40%, Credit Rating 50%, Cthulhu Mythos 30%, Dodge 35%, Elocution 85%, Fast Talk 50%, Hide 50%, Listen 45%, Persuade 60%, Sneak 40%, Spot Hidden 40%, Swim 90%, Track 40%.

Languages: Arabic 61%, Chinese (Mandarin) 55%, English 80%, French 65%, German 60%, Italian 77%, Japanese 64%, Russian 78%, Spanish 70%.

Spells: Attract Fish*, Breath of the Deep*, Command Shark*, Contact Cthulhu, Contact Deep One, Cloud Memory, Consume Likeness, Create Gate, Deflect Harm, Flesh Ward, Mesmerize, Send Dreams, Siren's Song*, Wrack.

** These spells are in* Escape from Innsmouth *and in the Cthulhu rules, edition 5.5 and later.*

SAN Loss: none unless the illusion spell is broken. Then a loss of 2/1D6+1 is appropriate for seeing a charming human woman turn into a deep one.

MARK JEFFRIES, age 24

Mark is the unwitting centerpiece of the scenario. Mark was fostered by Alan and Annette March and then by Janet and Thomas Jeffries. He is aware that he was fostered, but has little interest in pursuing his roots. He recently completed a history degree at Miskatonic. His uncle, Thomas Jeffries, is grooming him to take over the family business. Unfortunately, Mark is beginning to show the Innsmouth look. His dark hair is slightly receding, his brown eyes now bulge ever so slightly, and the skin around his neck (where someday his scaly gills will be) is rough and dry. He resembles his mother in many ways, but he certainly does not resemble Mary Longman's current visage. Mark is likable and pleasant. If told that his mother is in town and looking for him, he would want to meet her; he bears her no ill will and is sure that she had a good reason for having him fostered.


MARK JEFFRIES

Mark's introduction to the scenario is likely to be on Day 5 when he encounters James Mulcahy. Mark had taken the afternoon off to see his doctor about his skin problems. Returning home, he surprised Mulcahy, who knocked him out. That night Mark had the first of a series of vivid dreams, which he ascribed to the attack and possible concussion. As the scenario progresses, Mark's dreams grip him, and his sanity plummets. The dream of Day 13 destroys his sanity. He meets his mother. They leave Arkham on Day 14 and do not return.

Mark's dream is a recurring one. It starts with a walk on the beach. He stops to watch the waves. A beautiful woman, whom he instinctively recognizes as his mother, rises from the surf. She beckons for him to come to her. As he does so, she transforms into a humanoid reptilian horror with sharp claws and glistening teeth. The dream ends abruptly. Mark awakes, each time having lost 5 Sanity points to this appalling vision.

If asked, the woman in his dreams looks nothing like Mary Longman's current visage; Mary sends an image of herself as she was when young.

STR 14	CON 11	SIZ 12	INT 12	POW 9
DEX 11	APP 08	EDU 16	SAN 45	HP 11

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: none

Skills: Accounting 30%, Bargain 35%, Credit Rating 33%, Drive Auto 40%, Electrical Repair 17%, French 29%, History 50%, Law 10%, Library Use 31%, Natural History 14%, Persuade 28%, Psychology 40%, Spot Hidden 52%, Swim 80%.

THOMAS JEFFRIES, age 57

An independently wealthy businessman who runs a stationery and office supplies store in Arkham. He has done well with investments. Despite his age and gray hair, he is still reasonably fit and healthy and plays tennis as frequently as he can. His low CON results from an undiagnosed heart condition, which will give rise to a heart attack if a Sanity point loss of 5 or more points is followed by a failed CON x5 roll. Thomas is an intelligent man who will not tolerate discussion of drooling Cthulhoid monstrosities or things that should not be. He has heard strange stories about Innsmouth, but discounts them as superstition. Provided the investigators do not cross him, he is helpful and polite.

STR 17	CON 9	SIZ 14	INT 15	POW 11
DEX 16	APP 14	EDU 15	SAN 55	HP 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: 20-gauge Shotgun 59%, damage 2D6/1D6/1D3

Skills: Accounting 50%, Bargain 65%, Credit Rating 90%, Drive Auto 35%, Fast Talk 60%, Persuade 60%, Spot Hidden 44%, Tennis 60%.


JANET JEFFRIES

JANET JEFFRIES (née Boyd), age 51

She is graying with dark hair and soulful blue eyes. She knows something of the deep one dominance of Innsmouth (she and her sister talked much as Annette lay dying), but she will not speak of this without good reason and will not mention it if Thomas is around. She is a useful resource should the keeper wish to drop further hints or clues.

STR 8	CON 12	SIZ 10	INT 15	POW 12
DEX 16	APP 14	EDU 09	SAN 60	HP 11

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: none

Skills: Art (painting) 30%, Bargain 55%, Cook 55%, Persuade 40%.

ALAN MARCH, deceased

Alan March was Mark's first foster father. He was killed in a boating accident in 1904. A fisherman operating out of Innsmouth, his boat capsized with the loss of all hands. As the keeper chooses, this was by accident or by design. It has no bearing on the plot. Alan's surname is almost certainly a corruption of Marsh.

ANNETTE MARCH (née Boyd), deceased

Annette March, wife of Alan March, died in Arkham in 1905 of a wasting disease, having survived without difficulty a typhoid epidemic in that same year. As Mark's first foster mother, she was responsible for bringing him to Arkham after the death of Alan March. The cause of her wasting disease is left open.

MARTHA LAMAR, deceased

Martha had the misfortune to be in the wrong place at the wrong time. She and her husband had been camping on the coast a few miles from Innsmouth. While her husband went to the nearest shops for supplies, she strolled along the shore. There Mary rose from the surf like a batrachian Venus and confronted her. She swooned and never woke, for Mary spirited away her body and used it in the spell Consume Likeness.

Martha's husband, Ben, raised the alarm, but searches turned up nothing. He returned to Arkham a broken man and died a few years later.

JAMES MULCAHY, dead at age 26

Mulcahy almost certainly is dead before the investigators hear about him. No statistics are given. He was a thief and burglar known to the police. At the time of his death he had served one 90-day jail sentence. He was hired by Mary Longman to steal a photo of Mark from the Jeffries' home. When Mary discovered that Mulcahy had assaulted Mark, she killed him. See the "Mulcahy's Place" subsection, above.

OFFICER ZEBEDIAH MARSH, age 27

Officer Marsh is a wild card for the keeper. He can be any of several things, depending on the abilities and interests of the investigators. By default, Marsh is an honest hard-working policeman. Single, with dark hair and eyes, he has never been to Innsmouth—Marsh is a common name in the area. There is nothing suspicious about the man, and he is only encountered on police business. The next option is to presume that the default is true, but that Marsh is (unknown to him) a relative of the Innsmouth Marshes. He is just starting his transformation into a deep one. His eyes bulge disconcertingly and he has some rough skin along his jowls. The last option is to assume that Marsh is a hybrid deep one, just starting his transformation, and that he is in Arkham as an agent of the Marsh family. As a police officer he will hear things of interest, and might be in a position occasionally to promote Innsmouth's interests.



ZEBEDIAH MARSH

STR 13	CON 13	SIZ 14	INT 13	POW 11
DEX 10	APP 8	EDU 15	SAN 55	HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Nightstick 50%, damage 1D6+1D4
Grapple 49%, damage special
.38 Revolver 40%, damage 1D10

Skills: Bargain 45%, Dodge 50%, Drive Auto 35%, Fast Talk 50%, Law 25%, Psychology 57%, Spot Hidden 44%.

OFFICER ANDREW WEST, age 24

Officer West is a sidekick of the old school. Honest, loyal, and not very intelligent, he runs errands and minor investigations for Detective Harrigan. Investigators cannot bribe or intimidate him, but can probably trick information out of him if they try. He is a large bear-like man with dark hair and brown eyes.

STR 17	CON 16	SIZ 14	INT 9	POW 12
DEX 13	APP 11	EDU 12	SAN 65	HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: Nightstick 55%, damage 1D6+1D6
Grapple 64%, damage special
.38 Revolver 33%, damage 1D10

Skills: Bargain 40%, Dodge 55%, Drive Auto 30%, Fast Talk 30%, Law 15%, Psychology 40%, Spot Hidden 34%.

Conclusion

Although the investigators may not realize it, little is at stake here. If they fail to crack the mystery, Mary and her son quietly depart Arkham on Day 14. If the keeper has not already introduced *Mary Papers #7*, hand it to the players now. This is something that Mary did before leaving town, but it is not necessarily connected to the present adventure. The story is meant to discomfort the players. That is the only cost for failing to solve this mystery.

If the investigators do find Mark and have some idea as to Mary's nature and motivation, they may still be baffled. After all, who is the bad guy? Good question! The keeper is not obliged to explain, though doing so may be fun.

For cracking the mystery, award each 1D4 Sanity points. Add another 1D4 Sanity if the players think they themselves did a good job; if they do not, subtract 1D3 Sanity from each investigator.

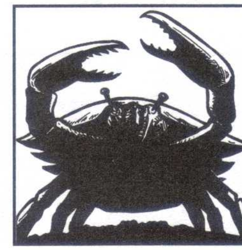
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The author thanks Sarah Blake, John Bleasdale, Ben "Transgenic" Bose, Catherine Rees Lay, and John Reynolds for testing this scenario to the point of destruction and beyond. Of course, any errors and omissions remain the author's fault! ■



Old Acquaintance

Wherein we see how the shadow of murder may hang over a man and leave him no peace, and how a town also may taste such discomfort.



This scenario has been written for investigators with little or no knowledge of Innsmouth and its secrets. This is a particularly good scenario to run with one investigator. The fear and paranoia a single player character feels can be quite gratifying.

Most of the Innsmouth characters in this adventure are drawn from Kevin Ross's *Escape from Innsmouth*. If you plan to present that excellent book, try to keep most of the characters alive in this adventure, or rename them.

The catalyst for investigator involvement is Willy Harsen, a disfigured veteran of the Great War. Perhaps an investigator met Harsen in the military, where he was Harsen's drill instructor. Perhaps an admiring young investigator spoke with Harsen as he was leaving for Europe, and a correspondence arose. Perhaps an investigator was native to the area around Dunwich, and knew Harsen before the war. Whatever the connection, the investigator lost contact with Harsen at some point during the war, and has not heard from him in the years since.

Willy Harsen's military career ended abruptly when he was maimed by white phosphorous burns during a shelling. The attack cost him his left leg and burned him severely; he also lost his left eye. After months recuperating in a military hospital, he was discharged and granted a small pension. He came home to Dunwich, where his wife awaited him.

Mrs. Harsen was disgusted by the shattered Harsen's disfigurement. She began an affair with another man. After a time, Harsen killed his unfaithful wife and her lover, burying their bodies deep beneath a new-plowed field. The townsfolk of Dunwich assumed that Mrs. Harsen had run off with her lover. She was condemned and forgotten. Harsen worked his farm as best he could. He felt guilty about his crime, and became more and more paranoid as the years passed.

Three weeks ago he panicked. Convinced the people of Dunwich had guessed his crime, he piled his truck with possessions and fled. After some time he came upon an abandoned farmhouse near Innsmouth, which he claimed as his own. His fears gradually quieted. It was a long way from Dunwich. In time, Harsen struck up a friendship with a neighbor, an outdoorsman named Nick Casper. Casper warned Harsen against the strange behavior of the residents of Innsmouth, a warning Harsen took to heart. After some weeks, though, he ventured into Innsmouth to replenish his groceries. What he saw that night is the reason he calls on his investigator acquaintance for help.

A LETTER FROM WILLY

An investigator is puzzled by a letter sent to him. It is postmarked Rowley, Massachusetts, a town in which the recipient knows no one. The letter bears no return address. Within the envelope is a single sheet of paper, a note with a sketch map on the other side. See *Acquaintance Papers #1* and *#5*, respectively.

The keeper explains that the investigator remembers Harsen as a jovial young man who left his wife and farm in Dunwich behind to fight in the Great War. Tall with short brown hair, he had the kind of looks that made women swoon. He was strong-willed, and in total control of his emotions when the investigator knew him. Perhaps this will convince the investigator of Harsen's belief in a threat to his life; it might also convince him that Harsen's experiences in the trenches shattered his mind. Harsen's friend will no doubt contact his fellow investigators and ask them to accompany him to Harsen's home, either to help Harsen with his troubles mentioned in the letter, or to restrain him if he proves unhinged.

As the investigator reads the letter, he sees that the handwriting on the envelope and the letter are different. The letter is written in the fine cursive that Harsen had displayed in the past. The penmanship on the envelope is entirely different, on a par with what a child just learning block printing might produce. There is no explanation for the difference.

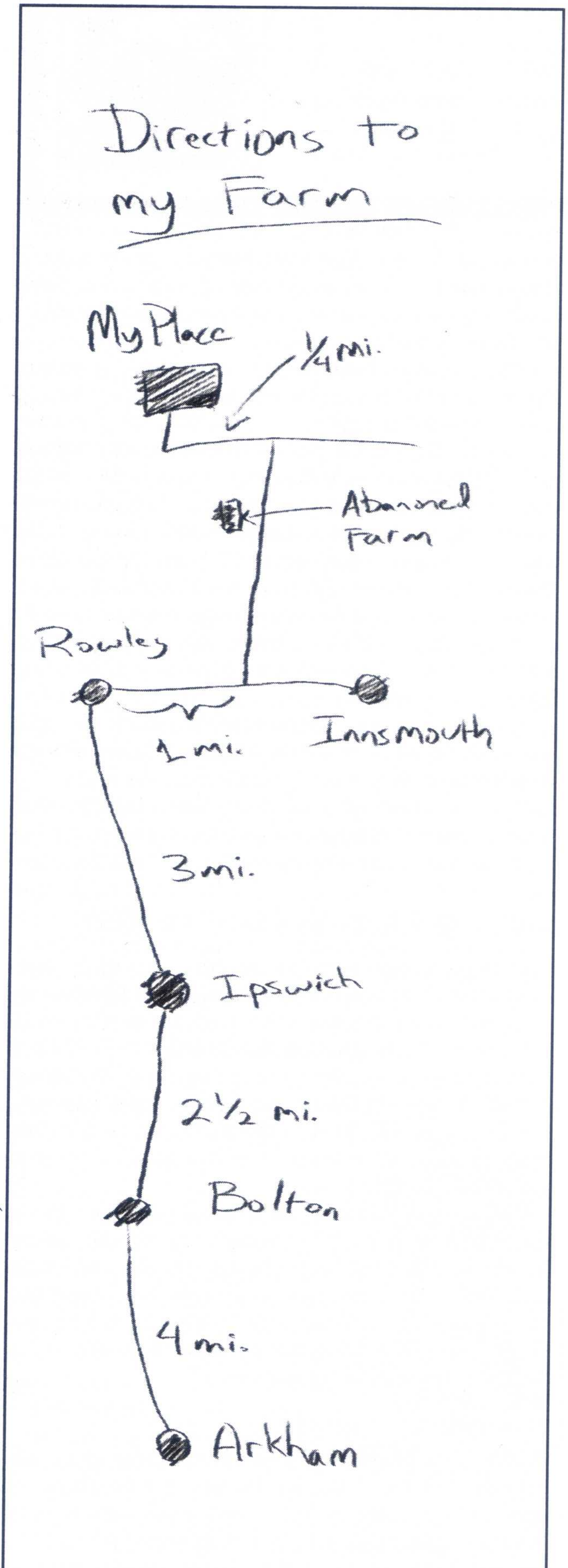
Getting There Is Half the Fun

Once the investigators have made any necessary arrangements, they may begin their journey. Those investigators requiring a train trip to reach New England find the journey uneventful. In Massachusetts, they need a successful Luck roll to find someone willing to rent them a vehicle; Harvey Ballard, in Arkham, has several for rent. Those investigators failing a Luck roll or unable to afford an automobile find they must walk to Harsen's, though they might be able to hitchhike as far as Rowley.

Investigators inquiring about bus service learn that a line runs from Arkham to Newburyport through Bolton, Ipswich, and Rowley, but the bus has not appeared for the past three days. There is a separate bus connecting Newburyport and Arkham with Innsmouth. Nothing has been made of the absence. As for Innsmouth, "Decent folks do their best to stay out of Innsmouth."

TRAVELING VIA ROWLEY

Assuming the investigators follow Harsen's map, they pass through the town of Rowley. Possessing a population of only a few thousand, it looks like any other small town. While its residents are not the most affluent of people, they are friendly to strangers and willing to answer questions.



HARSEN'S MAP (ACQUAINTANCE PAPERS #5)

None know Willy Harsen, however, and questions about Innsmouth draw scowls.

Fast Talk rolls are necessary to get answers about Innsmouth. Residents of Rowley consider the people of Innsmouth a backward lot. They describe the Innsmouth look to investigators as proof of the townsfolk's unwholesome inbreeding. Older residents remember the rail line which was to connect Rowley to Innsmouth, and bring new money to both towns. But the failure of Innsmouth's industries shortly after the line was complete shattered that dream.

Despite its proximity, the residents of Rowley are unaware of what truly goes on in Innsmouth, dismissing stories of cults and fish-men as tall tales.

Investigators may think to stop at the Rowley Post Office. Joseph Waid runs the post office by himself, and if asked about the letter he will say he does not recall it. Showing him the envelope, however, causes him to break out into laughter. After calming down he relates that he does recall the letter, because a trapper from Innsmouth mailed it. Waid often sees this large man stop at Rowley's general store, trading furs for various goods. Last week he came into the post office to mail a letter, but lacked a stamp or envelope for it. He purchased both and proceeded to address the envelope, copying the needed information off a scrap of paper he carried. Waid's laughter comes from the length of time it took the man to copy the information: five minutes from start to finish. The man's name is Nick Casper.

TRAVELING VIA INNSMOUTH

Investigators might ignore Harsen's warning against passing through Innsmouth. Those who do bear witness to something for which no amount of rumors or research can prepare them. Whenever the investigators enter town, they find Innsmouth apparently deserted. The streets are empty of people. The town's businesses are closed. Knocking on the doors of random homes gets no response from within, though a successful Listen roll might allow an investigator to hear the sound of furniture being pushed against the door.

Investigators who stop in town should make Listen rolls. Success leads them to the hall of the Esoteric Order of Dagon, from which can be heard dozens of voices, chanting in unison in a language no investigator can identify. All of the windows and doors of the hall are locked from the inside, barring entry. Foolhardy investigators who insist on breaking in should receive Idea rolls. They realize the illegality of breaking in, and also that (if noticed) those inside will outnumber them ten to one.

Those in the hall begin to chant faster and faster. They build to a frenzy. Loud bangings echo from all over town. Spot Hidden rolls allow investigators to see the sources of the noise. On the top floors of the buildings surrounding the hall the boards covering the windows begin to shake and splinter, as though people of great strength were behind them, trying to break free. This scene is being played out all over town.

Finally, the chanting from the hall climaxes, with those within pausing a moment before uttering "Dagon" as loudly as possible. From behind the boarded windows comes a

responding cry of "Dagon!" Call for Listen rolls. Success means that an investigator hears (imagines?) a responding call from the sea, carried west by the sea breeze. This chorus of "Dagon" has bizarre, croaking undertones to it, ones that human throats cannot produce. After the call and response, all is silent. The commotion from the upper floors of Innsmouth's buildings also ends. Sanity point loss for this episode is 0/1D2, 1/1D3 if the voices from Devil Reef are heard.

No matter how long the investigators linger, no one emerges from the Order's hall. Eventually investigators have no choice but to continue on to Harsen's home.

Arriving at Harsen's

No matter what route the investigators take they pass through the great Innsmouth salt marsh. Countless shorebirds swoop and soar above the expanse of reeds and sand banks. The rutted road is in such poor condition that even a careful driver needs a successful Luck roll. A failure might mean that the car loses a tire, suffers suspension damage, or perhaps scrapes off its oil pan.

The investigators find themselves on the northern edge of the marsh, with a rotting farmhouse before them rising out of the brush. Beyond the farmhouse is a collapsed barn. As investigators watch, a family of raccoons scamper out of it, going to the creek to catch dinner. A truck sits at the side of the house. It is the only sign of recent habitation. The investigators see that the grillwork is bent and dented, as though it had been in a minor collision. The truck's bed is empty.

The porch creeks loudly as the investigators put their weight on it, and as they knock on the front door termites pour out of it. A voice from behind the door asks who is there, fear evident in the man's voice. Once the investigator acquainted with Harsen identifies himself the door swings open.

The sight of Willy Harsen's phosphorus-burned face requires a SAN roll, with a loss of one point if failed. If an investigator blanches at the sight, Harsen wryly apologizes. "This is my mark of war," he explains as he runs a finger around his empty left eye socket. "I'm used to it. I forget what a shock it is to other people." He ushers the investigators inside. He was carrying a shotgun, which he now puts down, resting it against the door frame.

The interior of the house is as decrepit as the exterior. The furniture is rotting away. Harsen's footprints are visible in the thick dust on the floor. The curtains are tightly drawn. An oil lamp illuminates the room. Harsen thanks them for coming, offering them some of the jerky that is his dinner. A Psychology roll allows investigators to understand that Harsen is sincerely happy that they have come, perhaps unreasonably so.



WILLY HARSEN WELCOMING

Once the investigators ask about the events hinted at in his letter Harsen becomes very somber. He puts down his dinner and begins to shuffle around the room, his wooden leg making his movements jerky, as he begins to relate his tale, included below and also reproduced at the end of this book as *Acquaintance Papers #2*.

WILLY HARSEN'S STATEMENT

"When I got discharged I went back to my farm in Dunwich, and thought I'd work that land until I died. But in recent years I was less and less happy there. Three weeks ago I . . . threw everything I owned into my truck and started driving, looking for a new place to call home. Problem was I didn't pay attention to my gas tank, and I just lucked out to find this place before my tank dried up. With my peg leg here I wasn't going to want to walk back to Rowley for gas, so I figured this was going to be home for a while.

"Lucky for me I had a neighbor. Fellow by the name of Casper; he lives down the road east of here. He saw my truck and came over to see what was going on. He's a good man, and got me some gasoline. I decided to stay here and farm a little bit: enough to get by on and maybe a little to sell in town. Casper warned me about going to Innsmouth, and told me how they inbreed there. I don't think that kind of thing is right, so I did my best to stay away from the place.

"Until last week. I needed groceries, but since it was getting dark I didn't want to go to Rowley; with all the twists, turns, and potholes on the road to there I can only drive it in the daylight. The road to Innsmouth is easier for a one-eyed man. I shopped at the grocery store there. By the time I got out of there the sun was down, and on my way home I got turned around. Before I knew it I was at the harbor, and that's when it happened.

"I wasn't going more than ten miles an hour when this dog comes running across the road. There was no time for me to hit the brakes, and I was too surprised to swerve out of the way. It bounced off the front of my truck and onto the sidewalk. I pulled over and went back to see if I could help it. It was totally still. I thought I'd check to see if it had a tag, so I could apologize to the owner.

"I grabbed it by the leg and dragged it behind me to under a streetlight, so I could read the tag if there was one. Its leg was kinda rubbery to the touch, but I figured it was just diseased and paid it no mind. Once I was underneath the streetlight I turned around to look at it. That's when I started screaming.

"It was the size and shape of a dog, but that was where the resemblance ended. Its entire body was green and rubbery, like a tadpole, and its legs ended in claws that had webbing between them. But its head and face was what caused me to scream. Its eyes were larger than normal, and its mouth stretched from ear to ear, but aside from that I tell you it was the face of a human being! It had ears like us, and a nose like us. It even had hair on its head cut nice and short.

"I stumbled back to my truck. My screams brought out some of the residents. As soon as they saw the thing they ran over to it, and I swear they were trying to help it! One of the women who'd come out took it in her arms and started to cry when she realized it was dead. That's when they looked my way, and with them under the streetlight I got a good look at them. And every single one of them had those popeyes and elongated mouths, just like the thing I had hit!

"I drove back here as fast as I could and got ready for a siege. I figured they'd come here and get me for killing one of their own, but as the days passed I realized their plan. They're waiting for me to make a break for it, so they can ambush me out in the marsh. That's why I wrote you; safety in numbers, right? I mean, with you and your friends with me they won't dare do anything. One person disappearing wouldn't draw any attention to them and their town, but a whole group? No, with you here I'm safe."

Successful Psychology rolls show that Willy Harsen believes everything he has told them, a fact worth the loss of 0/1 SAN to the investigator who was Harsen's friend. Harsen berates investigators who suggest going to the Innsmouth police. Nick Casper told him that even the town constables have the Innsmouth look. While unsure with what unholy powers the citizens of Innsmouth have made a pact, Willy is certain that everyone in town is suspect, and that those bearing the Look are the most corrupted.

A Spot Hidden roll allows an investigator to note the wedding band Harsen wears. If Willy is asked about it he will raise his hand and stare at it for a moment, a look of sadness passing across his face as he does so. He explains that he wears the ring to remind him of his wife. "She left me when she saw what the war had made of me." A successful Psychology or Fast Talk roll gets Harsen to admit that his wife's infidelity contributed to his departure from Dunwich, but he will say no more on the subject.

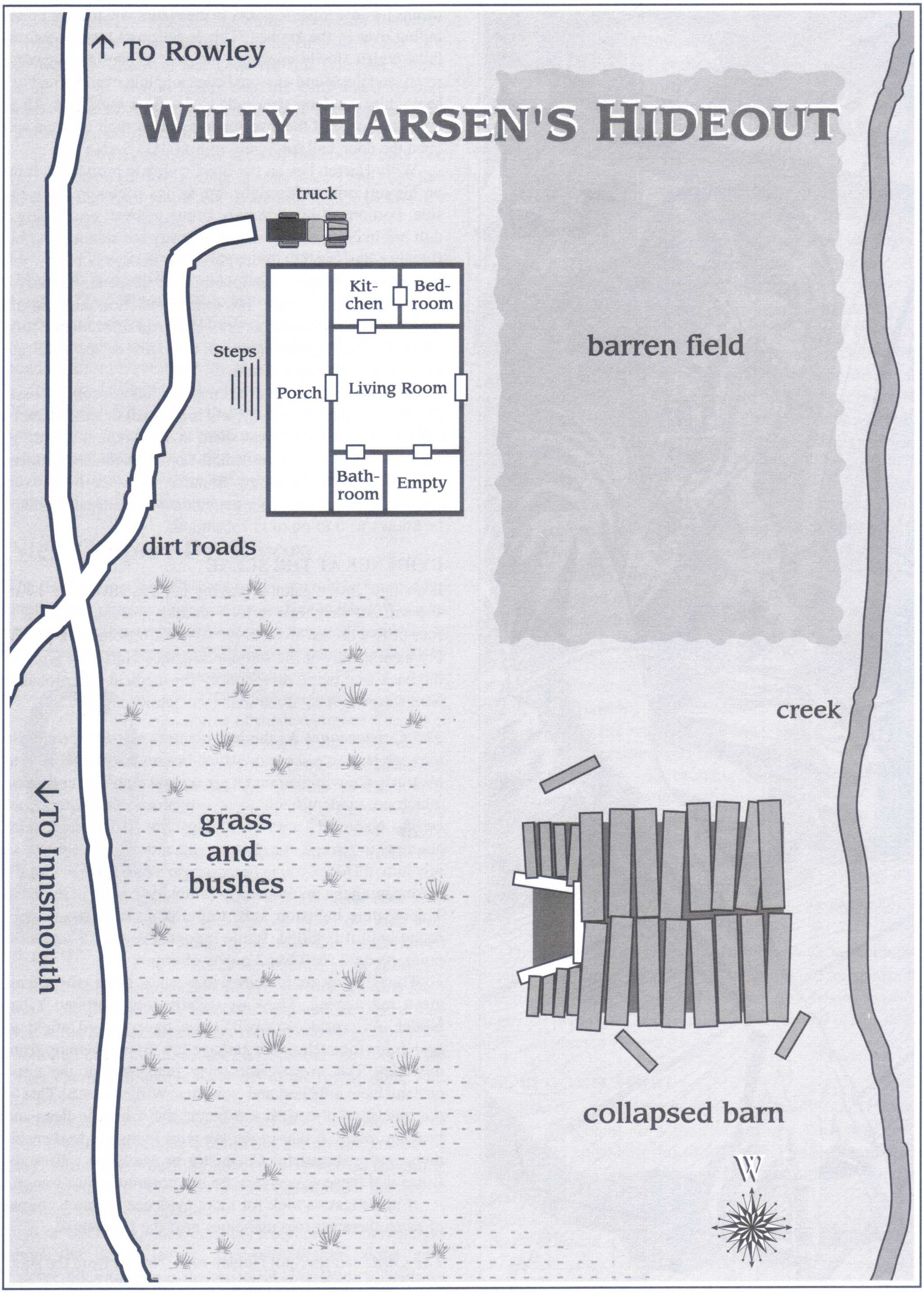
By the time Harsen has finished his tale and answered the investigators' questions, night has fallen. While he wishes to leave the area as soon as possible, he tries never to travel at night because of his poor eyesight. He also remembers the Huns' use of darkness during the war to cloak their advances; he does not wish to give the residents of Innsmouth the same benefit if they are happen to be coming to claim him.

He leads the investigators through the kitchen, where a jumble of his possessions teeter in tall stacks, and into the farmhouse's bedroom. Here he lays out several blankets, and offers the room to investigators as their sleeping quarters for the night. He explains that he will stay in the living room tonight, keeping alert in case the people from Innsmouth try something, and that they will leave at the first light of dawn. With a tear beginning to form in his eye Harsen thanks his friend for coming to his aid before returning to the living room.

Harsen does not disturb the investigators for the rest of the evening, leaving them free to discuss what Willy saw in Innsmouth, if they believe his tale, or what psychiatric institution would provide the best care for him if they do not.

Morning

The night passes uneventfully. As the sky turns red with the rising sun, call for a Listen roll for each investigator. Success


To Rowley
Willy Harsen's Hideout
truck
Kit-
chen
Bed-
room
Steps
Porch
Living Room
Bath-
room
Empty
barren field
dirt roads
creek
grass
and
bushes
To Innsmouth
collapsed barn
W



WILLY HARSEN: POISONED!

means the investigator wakes to the clatter and thud of boxes falling over in the kitchen. This is followed by heavy footfalls, which slowly approach the door to the investigators' room, and the sound of more boxes toppling over. Something heavy hits the door, then falls to the floor outside it. All is quiet thereafter. If the investigators muster their courage and open the door, call for Sanity rolls (1/1D3 SAN).

Willy Harsen lies on the floor, trying to prop himself up on his left arm as his right arm hangs uselessly from his side. Portions of his skin have begun to swell up, turning a dull red in color as they do so. Already the skin around his right eye has swollen to the point that the eye is barely visible. He slowly opens his mouth, as if to speak, but only a raspy breath can escape. His tongue sits motionless in his mouth, as paralyzed as his arm. First Aid or Medicine rolls suggest poisoning, but not what kind, nor do they indicate what treatment may aid him.

Harsen needs professional medical aid as soon as possible. Rowley is further away, and is so small that the chances are low that a doctor lives there at all. Arkham is half an hour distant. Harsen's immediate hope is medical treatment in Innsmouth, only a few minutes away. A Know roll reminds them of Harsen's neighbor, Nick Casper. Perhaps he knows who to go to in Innsmouth.

EVIDENCE AT THE SCENE

If a single investigator is playing out this adventure, he or she will not have time to look around outside until later. If four or five are involved in the adventure, some will probably have to stay at the farmhouse, since Harsen is lying in the back seat being driven away for medical aid, probably with Casper giving directions (see below).

The Crustaceans: As the investigators exit the farmhouse they see Harsen's shotgun, which lies on the ground next to his truck. Crawling around it are several crab-like creatures, which are unidentifiable to investigators, even with a successful Natural History or Biology roll. If an investigator attempts to retrieve the shotgun, the crustaceans attempt to bite him; a Dodge roll is necessary to avoid them, with failure meaning the investigator is bitten for 1 point of damage. The creature holds on, inflicting a point of damage every round until it is killed. While it possesses only a single hit point, its hard shell has 2 points of armor.

Though they are unknown to science, these crustaceans are a red herring. They are usually found around Y'ha-Nthlei. As crustaceans will, these have moved afield to search for food. Harsen's garbage has drawn them up from the inlet. The investigators may imagine that the crustaceans have attacked and poisoned Willy Harsen. That is not true. If an investigator is bitten, the wound is clean and heals properly. A day in the lab with living or dead specimens and a successful Chemistry or Medicine roll establishes that these scavengers are not poisonous, just hungry.

If investigators look for more evidence within a couple of days, there are two real clues near the farmhouse.

The Card: call for Spot Hidden rolls. Not far from the shotgun a piece of yellow paper sticks out of the sand. It is a

creased but very fresh-looking wallet-sized card issued by the local Coast Guard district, identifying the bearer as a commercial fisherman and good for this year. An official phone call to Boston learns that the card was issued to Harris Jakes of Innsmouth. If the caller thinks to ask, the card was issued yesterday.

If this card is mentioned to local fishermen, only one has ever heard of such a thing, and he sneers and says that no fisherman born would bother getting the Coast Guard's permission to go to sea.

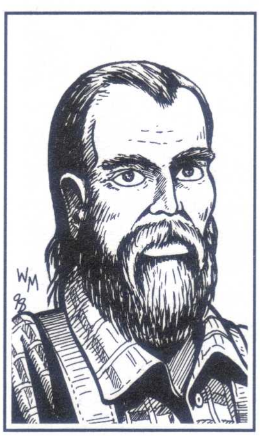
The Tire: though the wind over the dry earth has already obliterated most prints around the farmhouse, a successful Track or Spot Hidden roll locates a bicycle tire print in a sandy patch about a hundred feet from the house. This is where Kermit Rawes, whom we soon shall meet, hurriedly peddled after poisoning Willy Harsen.

The tire is English. It is rare in the United States, a "Formidable" 25-1 from Dunlop that leaves an unusual asymmetric cross-hatch pattern. Knowledgeable cyclists have a good chance of identifying it.

Kermit Rawes has the only pair of Formidables on a bicycle this side of Boston.

Nick Casper; Dr. Bloom

The investigators find Casper chopping wood in front of his home. He approaches the strangers with ax in hand. When he learns about Harsen his demeanor softens, and he agrees to guide the investigators to a doctor in Innsmouth.

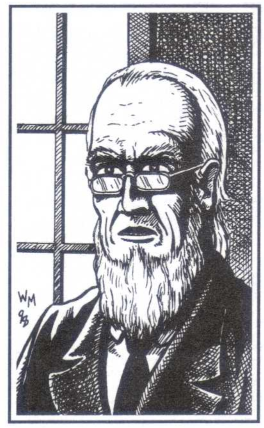

NICK CASPER

The few pedestrians take no notice of the investigators' car as it speeds through Innsmouth, nor do they react as Harsen is carried out of the car and up to the house. Their destination is an ivy-covered house with a yard full of weeds, located south of the river that bisects the town.

Casper pounds on the door until it is answered by an old man with long, gray hair and gold-framed spectacles whom Casper addresses as Dr. Bloom. Bloom ushers the group inside, guiding them into a room filled with laboratory equipment. There they wait while he and Casper carry Harsen into his examination room and close the door. After a half-hour the door to the office opens, and Casper steps out of the room, along with Dr. Bloom.

The keeper may choose whether Willy Harsen lives or dies. If Harsen lives, he is bedridden for a week and out of play. From this point, the adventure is written assuming that Harsen dies. Take a few minutes to consider the choice and then select one option.

The doctor explains he must telephone the authorities about the death, leaving the investigators alone with Casper. Nick Casper is deeply upset over Willy's death, as he felt a kinship with the maimed, vulnerable Harsen that he had not felt with anyone else. Harsen trusted Casper, even telling him the real reason that he departed Dunwich. Now that Harsen is dead, Casper freely shares this secret with the investigators, since Harsen can no longer be punished for his crime. Casper is also aware of Harsen's visit to Innsmouth, though he does not believe that Harsen's truck collided with something inhuman. He thinks Willy Harsen was intoxicated while in Innsmouth, accounting for the bizarre aspects of his story, and that he drove his truck into one of the town's more deformed residents. Believing that his friend might be in danger from relatives of the person he hit, he gladly mailed Harsen's request for aid. Casper willingly answers other questions that the investigators may pose.


DOCTOR BLOOM

THE CONSTABLE ARRIVES

As the conversation with Casper ends, Constable Nathan Birch arrives. After a short conversation on the porch, Dr. Bloom introduces him to the investigators. Stooped over and wearing a trench coat, Birch gently questions the investigators about the events leading up to Harsen's death, along with their relationship with Harsen. Mention of Harsen's collision, his feeling that his life was threatened, or of the strange crustaceans causes Birch and Bloom to exchange glances. Once the investigators have told everything they know, Birch rises from his chair, says that he will take care of things from here, and departs. Casper also leaves, walking home and planning to drown the memory of his friend in alcohol.


NATHAN BIRCH

Dr. Bloom keeps an eye on Birch through the window, waiting until he is far down the block before he speaks to the investigators. He clears his throat and begins a story, included below and also reproduced at the end of this book as *Acquaintance Papers #3*.

DR. BLOOM'S STORY

"I know the authorities here in Innsmouth, and I know they're not gonna do a thing. I've been here near forty years, and I know how this town works. I've also been practicing medicine all that time, and I've treated every kind of sickness you can catch in this town. I haven't seen this condition before, and I don't know how they did it, but I'll bet I know who did it.

"A few years back we had some problems down by the harbor. Three of the fishermen who lived down there died.

The only connection between the men was that shortly before each died he'd had a run-in with Harris Jakes or Sandy Lanier, two partner fishermen. In one case the pair were accused of holing a net. Another was about the theft of some beer. No matter what it was about anybody who crossed them seemed to come up dead. The law didn't care. A few dead fishermen meant a few less drunks to roust the next day.

"I've no idea how your friend would have met Jakes and Lanier, but I reckon he had a run-in with them. They still live down by the harbor, in the shanty town the fishermen have. If you want to see anything done about your friend's death, I advise you to pay them a visit."

With that Dr. Bloom ushers the investigators out of his residence. They can choose to investigate Harsen's death, or they can elect to leave Innsmouth altogether and let the town constables deal with the matter. Given the horrible nature of Harsen's death, along with his beliefs about the town's inhabitants, the investigators may choose to follow the former path.

How Willy Harsen Came to Die

Willy Harsen's accidental slaying of a deformed hybrid child created a dilemma for the Esoteric Order of Dagon. Normally a human who uncovered town secrets, let alone one who killed a resident, was destined to be shoggoth-food. However, in recent months an increasing number of strangers were visiting the town, and the Order supposed that the outside world had grown suspicious of Innsmouth. Its leaders debated how to deal with Harsen. Finally, the hybrid Kermit Allen Rawes suggested a plan which the Order adopted.

Rawes reasoned that either Harsen would flee and be no further problem to the community, or that he would stay put and call upon friends or county officials to aid him. Once help arrived, Harsen could be executed in some subtle manner. Evidence could be planted to point at someone in Innsmouth whom the Order deemed expendable. Innsmouth would gain the appearance of cooperation, yet be avenged on the outsider.

Rawes chose to frame Lanier and Jakes for the murder because the pair were blackmailing him, though he discreetly withheld this fact from the Order. It was Rawes who kept watch on Harsen, luring him outside the morning after the investigators arrived and using a spell to poison him. He also posed as Harris Jakes and obtained the Coast Guard card, evidence traceable to Harris Jakes.

He bicycled home as Harsen began to die, confident that Harsen would be taken to Bloom for treatment, and that Bloom would pass on the local gossip about Jakes and Lanier.

Loose Ends

First National Grocery: investigators may decide to check on Harsen's claim of having been shopping before his collision. The First National Grocery is easy to find. The store's manager and part-time clerk, Brian Burnham, confirms that a man answering Willy Harsen's description did purchase groceries there the previous week. Harsen, so disfigured that no one could ever forget him, arrived at closing time. Burnham pitied a man so maimed and disfigured, and gladly allowed him in.

Harsen seemed in no way intoxicated. He did not buy liquor, since First National does not sell it. His speech was coherent and his mind was quick. He spoke of his time in the Great War as Burnham fetched what he required. Harsen paid exact change. Burnham can offer no other information to the investigators about his customer, and will be saddened if informed of his death. As an outsider, he has never heard of Harris Jakes or Sandy Lanier.

Saloon Talk: if Harsen was drinking the night he was in Innsmouth, he got liquor somewhere else. A halved Luck roll gets directions to "The Garden", a local tavern. Despite Prohibition, whisky and beer are openly sold there. The proprietor, Victor Obrecht, gladly accepts five dollars, but has neither seen nor heard of Willy Harsen. Questioned about Jakes or Lanier, the inquiring investigator needs a successful Fast Talk roll or else the worried Obrecht asks the investigator to leave.

With a success Fast Talk, the investigators learn that Obrecht banned the two from the saloon, due to their violent natures. Victor paints an unflattering picture of the two men, describing them as slow-witted fishermen with no friends other than each other. He makes a point of mentioning that Lanier is a fine example of "the inbreeding problem Innsmouth residents have", which is a standard reason given to outsiders to explain the Innsmouth look.

If investigators ask about Dr. Bloom's story, Obrecht quietly says that now and then the pair are rumored to be involved in some shady business. He adds that if they killed everyone who crossed them, or who might have crossed them, then half the town would be dead. They probably owe Bloom some money, he shrugs.

The Harbor

Once the town's center of prosperity, Innsmouth's harbor is as decayed as the rest of the town. With so little business, a dozen or so shanties have been erected along the harbor's edge. As the investigators approach, they are eyed warily by the men who call these hovels home. All save one, Dewey Smith, bear the Innsmouth look. As if to emphasize his isolation, Smith sits far away from the others, whittling a piece of wood as he stares out to sea.

The Hybrid Fishermen: they are very approachable, for word has gone out from the Order that anyone asking ques-


WAYNE
MILLER

tions about Jakes or Lanier is to be helped to the fullest extent. These fishermen have no knowledge of Willy Harsen. They respond to questions first with silence and glances among themselves; investigators may take this to mean they have been pressured into not speaking about such subjects, but a successful Psychology roll indicates that this only means that no one wants to speak first.

They gradually explain that Jakes and Lanier are a bad sort, and mean when liquored-up. But they have been fishermen here for more than thirty years, and most folks manage to get along with them. Jakes is skilled in knife-fighting. Neither is overly smart. They may have killed one or two people, not a lot. Not in all that time. The two fishermen are out in their boat, and likely not to be back soon unless they make a big catch. When the fish aren't schooling, then they pull in their nets and take out the liquor jugs. They may not come in till the tide turns a little before midnight. This gives investigators plenty of time to search each man's shanty, which the other fishermen can point out for investigators, and then politely look in the other direction.

Dewey Smith: Smith is also quite happy to talk with investigators, but conversations about the more unnatural aspects of Innsmouth quickly reveal his inability to grasp the obvious. He denies even the existence of the Innsmouth look. He is also one of the few friends Lanier and Jakes have, impervious to their verbal abuse and drunken antics. Smith says that his friends have recently come into a little money, he doesn't know from where, and they are probably drifting off Devil Reef, enjoying the finest Scotch sold in Canada.



DEWEY SMITH

Several days ago Jakes and Lanier sent Smith to the home of an Innsmouth resident, Kermit Rawes, to deliver a message: "Everybody will know soon." Smith figured it was a practical joke being played on Rawes, though considering how fast Rawes slammed the door in his face Smith worries he may have offended the man. If asked, Dewey Smith can direct investigators to Rawes' home.

LANIER AND JAKES

Lanier's Shanty: Lanier's lean-to is constructed from lumber scraps and driftwood. It is open on the side facing the harbor; a sheet of canvas stretches across the doorway and latches over some pegs to protect the interior. Within is a single set of clothes, a pile of blankets for a bed, a small kettle, and a fire ring. Inside the kettle are moldy broth, boiled vegetables, and the decaying remains of several crustaceans similar to those found outside Willy Harsen's farmhouse—a primitive bouillabaisse. The crustaceans' claws have been ripped off and probably eaten. True to his deep one heritage, Lanier greatly enjoys eating these things, something well known in the community. A smoky, fishy smell clings to everything in the domicile.

Jakes' Shanty: Jakes' similar home also exudes fishy odors. Once a shack used by fishermen to store supplies, the building went unused until Jakes made it into his home. Amid trash and dirty clothing there is a small cot. Jakes uses it as a bed. Underneath it (concealed by a pile of dirty shirts) is Jakes' journal.

Most of the entries list where a good number of fish were caught on a certain day, or who has earned Jakes' wrath after besting him in a brawl. Nothing is mentioned about Willy Harsen. The last three entries catch the attention of the investigator reading the journal, and are found nearby as *Acquaintance Papers #4*.

HOME ARE THE SAILORS

Jakes and Lanier return to Innsmouth in the wee hours of the morning. The moon was bright, the sea calm. Their loud, slurred speech testifies to the drinking they have done at sea. After mooring their little vessel, the men stagger to their respective shanties. Investigators can easily hide in the shadows and jump the duo as they pass, or they can approach the men openly, to learn what they know about Harsen and Rawes.



HARRIS JAKES

As soon as the men are visible in good light a Sanity roll is needed for each investigator. Jakes appears human for the most part, but Lanier has almost completed the change. If it were not for the lack of scales, Lanier would look exactly like a deep one, complete with fully developed claws. Sanity point cost is 1/1D3.

Conversing with the men requires a successful bribe, Fast Talk, Persuade, or Credit Rating roll. A failure results in Jakes pulling out his enormous Bowie knife and telling the strangers to mind their own damn business. Lanier growls at them and flexes his claws. If the investigators are uncertain how to proceed, a successful Psychology roll suggests one of the courses at the beginning of this paragraph.



SANDY LANIER

Failure to heed Jakes' warning results in a fight between the investigators and the hybrids, lasting until the investigators flee or the hybrids are down or dead. If the latter occurs, the investigators have but a few moments before Constable Nathan Birch appears, brandishing his shotgun. He informs the investigators that they are under arrest for the murders or attempted murders, and leads them through town to the jail. Resisting arrest allows Birch to demonstrate his skill with a sawed-off shotgun.

Success with a bribe or skill, however, initiates a conversation with the drunken hybrids. They have no knowledge of Harsen. Questioning them about Dr. Bloom's theory (dis-

creet investigators do not mention his name) results in puzzled looks, followed by guffaws as the pair understand the idea. (Hearing Lanier croak out his laughs costs 0/1D2 SAN.) They roll on the ground and chortle at how stupid the investigators must be to believe such a tale. Psychology rolls reveal that Jakes and Lanier are telling the truth.

Questions about Rawes cause them to fall silent and take on submissive demeanors. Has Rawes gone to the Order for help and have the investigators been sent by the Order to deal with them? If the pair were not intoxicated they would notice the lack of the Innsmouth look among the investigators or the fine clothing they wear, something which most citizens of Innsmouth lack. As it is, if the investigators do not act as outsiders (such as asking what the Order is) they can question the men with little difficulty, and quickly reach an altogether deeper understanding of Innsmouth. If asked about their blackmailing of Rawes the men hesitate and stammer, "He's not really one of us, since he's unblessed with the look of our brothers from the sea. We thought it'd be okay."

They explain how poor fishing has left them without money. They also explain that they sent Smith to speak with Rawes, to spook him into thinking they were on the verge of revealing his secret to the humans of Innsmouth. They say that they are very sorry, and will do whatever the Order requires. They provide directions to Rawes' home, if requested.

Kermit Allen Rawes

Did Jakes and Lanier somehow poison Willy Harsen, or is someone trying to frame the hybrid pair? Though other people are also likely to have reason to want to get rid of the pair, only Jakes and Lanier seem to be blackmailing Rawes. Investigators surely want to speak with him. He resides on Babson Street in the south end of town, renting an apartment from Ervin and Millie Padgett. The fortyish couple are unaware that Rawes is a hybrid, or that he is a spy for the Order.



KERMIT ALLEN RAWES

Mrs. Padgett is working in her vegetable garden when the investigators arrive, so it takes her several minutes to hear them knocking at the front door. She is wary of strangers, but once Rawes' name is mentioned she opens the door wide and invites the investigators in. "Mr. Rawes has been such a good tenant for so long," she explains, "that it wouldn't be right to leave his friends on the front stoop." Wise investigators will not correct her mistake.

The investigators are led to a sitting room to wait while Mrs. Padgett gets Rawes. After a few moments she runs back into the room, screaming that Rawes is having a seizure. She leads investigators into the basement where he resides, a cluttered mess filled with stacks of books and a small bed. Rawes lies on the bed in the fetal position, rocking slowly back and forth while he quietly mutters to himself. Mrs. Padgett runs upstairs to telephone Dr. Bloom, leaving the investigators alone with Rawes.

A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll points out that Rawes' mumblings are part of an incantation. The investigator can take one action before Rawes finishes his dire magic. Any physical attack will break his concentration and end the spell. Failure to stop Rawes results in the cast of Venomous Glance with POT 15 at a random investigator. A nearby box details the spell. The victim begins to suffer paralysis and swelling as the toxin takes hold, identical to what Harsen died from. The pain is excruciating. Sanity loss for witnessing this unnatural event is 0/1 SAN.

Even as the investigators tend to their fallen comrade, Rawes reaches under the pillow on his bed, retrieving a .22 revolver. (The handgun was given to him by Constable Birch. Birch may have informed Rawes that the investigators did not kill Jakes and Lanier, as the Order had hoped.)

Rawes is not a fighter, as Jakes and Lanier understood. If the investigators back off, he will not pull the trigger. At the same time, heavy footsteps descend the stairs, and Constable Birch enters, with his shotgun at the ready. He has been lurking in the neighborhood since his visit to Rawes, awaiting the outcome of the visit by the investigators. Meanwhile Mrs. Padgett, alarmed by the screams and the visit of the Constable, has run screaming out the door into the streets.

"Hold on, gentlemen," Birch orders, his shotgun at the ready. "I am the man who must set things right." He turns to Rawes. "Can ye set *him* right?" he asks Rawes, nodding at the writhing investigator. Trembling, Rawes nods yes. "Then do so now," the Constable demands. Rawes repeats the spell minus the poison, and the investigator's symptoms vanish. Cost to the target to experience the approach of death is 1/1D3 SAN.

"There is no doubt that Rawes here is guilty of the murder of Willy Harsen," Birch states. "But murder by magic will not stand up in a Commonwealth court of law, not even as a charge, not even in Innsmouth. Willy Harsen died of food poisoning. I will take Mr. Rawes to our facility for a while, and a group of us will discuss what to do with him. Meanwhile, I suggest that ye leave Innsmouth before sundown. Do not return. If ye be here again, we will convene a court of Innsmouth peers. Mind that does not happen."

With that, Birch and Rawes leave. Wise investigators let them go.

With Mrs. Padgett out of the house, and Rawes on his way to jail for a while, investigators may decide to explore the library which Rawes' room holds. Sitting on a pile of books next to the bed are handwritten excerpts from *Monstres and Their Kynde*. The papers cover information on deep one physiology, followed by family trees for several of the tainted families of Innsmouth. Notes on the family trees include to what stage of the Innsmouth look the individual members are at, along with which ones are exemplary examples of the physical attributes documented in *Monstres*. Comprehending the papers fully takes a week,

gives a +1% to Cthulhu Mythos, and adds a new skill, Innsmouth Lore, at 1D10%. The reader also loses 1/1D6 SAN.

Rawes also possesses copies of *Thaumaturgical Prodigies in the New England Canaan* and the *Eltdown Shards* brochure along with *Monstres and Their Kynde*, but it is up to the keeper whether investigators are able to find the works among the horde of comparatively harmless occult tomes filling the room. These other books are general works on the occult, each providing no more than +1% Occult to the reader.

It is up to the player characters whether they take this information or leave it with Rawes. If they take it, Rawes will try to get it back.

Aftermath

If the investigators killed Jakes, Harris, or Rawes, each investigator loses 1/1D4 Sanity per death, their souls shaken by having taken the law into their own hands when they realize that none of the deaths was needed. In addition, each suffers a Credit Rating loss of 1D6, as rumors surface in Arkham and elsewhere about the investigators' relationship with the inbred folk of Innsmouth. Their sworn statements have been reviewed in Salem and in Boston, and word circulates. Discovery later of Harsen's two victims buried at his old farm near Dunwich add to their notoriety.

Uncovering Harsen's murderer nets each investigator 1D6 Sanity and 1D6 Innsmouth Lore. The deep one rule of Innsmouth keeps their secret, too, so they suffer no Credit Rating loss. They are marked by face and name in Innsmouth, as Constable Birch suggested, as interlopers who may know too much about the town. Hereafter they should take special precautions when nearing the verge of watery Y'ha-nthlei.

Venomous Glance: A Spell

Implants a chosen potency of poison. The range is 100 yards or less, and the target must be visible. A vial containing a droplet or more of the chosen poison must be held in the left hand. For every magic point sacrificed in the spell, increase the effect of the poison by POT 2. Thus 3 magic points sacrificed to the spell cause a dose of POT 1 sea anemone poison to be increased in potency to POT 7. Sanity cost to cast the spell is 1D4+1 SAN, plus any additional Sanity cost provoked by the victim's agony or death.

For the spell to take effect, match the target's CON against the POT of the poison on the Resistance Table. If the victim loses, he or she loses one hit point per round until all the damage is done. Use the symptoms mentioned in the last paragraph of this spell. Should the target win the match, there is no effect except for a disagreeable itching.

To remove poison, cast the spell again, but hold no poison in the left hand. Suffering of the target will be reduced or erased by POT equal to the caster's POW.

The spell was created by serpent people ages ago. Rawes uses sea anemone poison because it is almost instantaneous in effect. Though itself of minor toxicity (1-3 POT), it causes burning and stinging sensations, swelling, redness, ulceration, possible nausea, and in rare cases prostration. At this time science knows nothing of sea anemone venom, nor does an antidote exist.

Statistics

HARRIS JAKES, age 40, Blackmailing Hybrid

STR 17	CON 16	SIZ 18	INT 13	POW 13
DEX 13	APP 5	EDU 8	SAN 0	HP 17

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1D3+1D6
Bowie Knife 90%, damage 1D6+1D6

Skills: Credit Rating 1%, Dodge 65%, Fast Talk 40%, Fishing 65%, Hide 40%, Pilot Boat 55%, Shiphandling 60%, Sneak 45%, Swim 50%.

SANDY LANIER, age 57, Almost a Deep One

STR 15	CON 18	SIZ 14	INT 11	POW 11
DEX 9	APP 4	EDU 10	SAN 0	HP 16

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: Claws 25%, damage 1D4+1D4

Skills: Credit Rating 01%, Dodge 60%, Fishing 65%, Shiphandling 50%, Spot Hidden 35%, Swim 90%.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D3 to see this near monstrosity.

KERMIT ALLEN RAWES, age 30, Bibliophile and Murderer

STR 10	CON 12	SIZ 11	INT 17	POW 17
DEX 11	APP 12	EDU 11	SAN 0	HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapons: .22 Revolver 25%, damage 1D6

Spells: Contact Deep Ones, Venomous Glance.

Skills: Book Lore 91%, Credit Rating 20%, Cthulhu Mythos 41%, Dodge 20%, Fast Talk 30%, Hide 70%, Innsmouth Lore 60%, Occult 65%, Persuade 15%, Sneak 65%.

NATHAN BIRCH, age 37, Wily Constable

STR 15	CON 14	SIZ 15	INT 12	POW 12
DEX 15	APP 10	EDU 9	SAN 0	HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 65%, damage 1D3+1D4
Grapple 60%, special
Head Butt 45%, damage 1D6+1D4
Baseball Bat 65%, damage 1D8+1D4
Sawed-off 12-Gauge Shotgun 65%, damage 4D6/1D6

Skills: Credit Rating 35%, Dodge 35%, Drive Automobile 55%, Hide 45%, Innsmouth Lore 70%, Law 45%, Listen 40%, Psychology 25%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 50%, Track 40%. ■

The Innsmouth Connection

Wherein the investigators may gaze upon Innsmouth from a widow's walk, but probably never set foot in town at all.

A player character is contacted by a former colleague, Frank Hardy, who is now a Chicago lawyer. At the keeper's discretion, Hardy perhaps attended the same university or belonged to the same fraternity or club as the investigator in question; other relevant details may be added where appropriate. In campaign play, the keeper may wish to introduce Hardy in an earlier adventure.

Hardy makes small talk for a while, but his telephone call (it could be a letter, if the keeper prefers) is not entirely social: He has a favor to ask. He currently represents Stephen Babson of Chicago, son of the late Virgil Babson, also of Chicago. A property, previously unknown to the young Babson, was left to him in his father's will. According to Hardy, the estate is at Boynton Beach (not far from Arkham). It formerly belonged to Virgil's uncle, Ephraim Babson.

Stephen Babson wants to know if he should keep the property or dispose of it. Hardy has contacted local real estate agents to get their assessments but they refused the job despite the healthy fee being offered; since there is no property tax in Essex County, no independent assessment exists. Stephen Hardy laughs and quips that the place probably is haunted. He asks the player character, as a personal favor, to examine the property. Regardless of any mystery surrounding it, a full physical description of the property would at least tell his client whether he needs to make a long journey by train personally to evaluate the property, which is described as "house and grounds" in the will. If the investigator is reluctant, Hardy offers a hundred dollars for the inspection and description.

A second option could have one of the investigators be the distant relative of Virgil Babson. Frank Hardy contacts the investigator to tell him or her of the inheritance. Whether the heir carries the Innsmouth taint is left to the keeper.

In a third option, investigators who have worked together in previous Miskatonic Valley scenarios could be approached by Cory Weston, the unofficial leader of the Boynton Beach fishermen. Weston tells an oddly unbelievable tale of baffling lights and noises at the Babson mansion, and asks the investigators if they will take a look. He offers fifty dollars, some enticement if the investigators need cash.

Keeper's Interlude

Virgil Babson, who inherited the property twenty years ago upon his uncle's death, never told the heir about the bequest. Virgil had a very good reason for keeping it secret—he knew something of the dark forces Ephraim had been dabbling with, and had no wish for another Babson to be so corrupted.

The Babson mansion is not haunted. A flurry of Coast Guard activity along the Massachusetts coastline has forced Arkham's O'Bannion gang to modify its smuggling operations. Direct deliveries of bootleg liquor up the Miskatonic River are no longer practical. Now the gang unloads boats at the mansion and trucks in the liquor from there.

Getting to Boynton Beach

There is no rail or water connection to Innsmouth or Boynton Beach. Investigators must get there by automobile or bus. Joe Sargent's bus connects Innsmouth with Arkham and Newburyport; it has a dubious reputation, but it keeps to schedule.

Lodging is also available in Innsmouth; investigators are directed to the Gilman House Hotel. Lovecraft's "Shadow over Innsmouth" describes the bus and the hotel. If investigators decide to stay in Arkham and drive to the mansion, their commute takes ten minutes or so.

Located a little over a mile south of Innsmouth, Boynton Beach is a wide stretch of sand bordered inland by shelving rock and dirt that rise up to low stone cliffs. About half a dozen families live in shanties and small houses on these shelves. They anchor their fishing boats at the edge of the usually calm inlet. Paths from the beach zigzag up the steep cliffs to the bluffs above.

The bluffs curve south and east. As they swing east they expose Falcon Point, a tiny fishing village along Falcon Creek on the outside of the curve. From Falcon Point, a gravel road winds west a couple of miles, past Boynton Beach, to a narrow paved road leading to Arkham. A rutted dirt track leads north to Innsmouth, but well back from the cliffs.

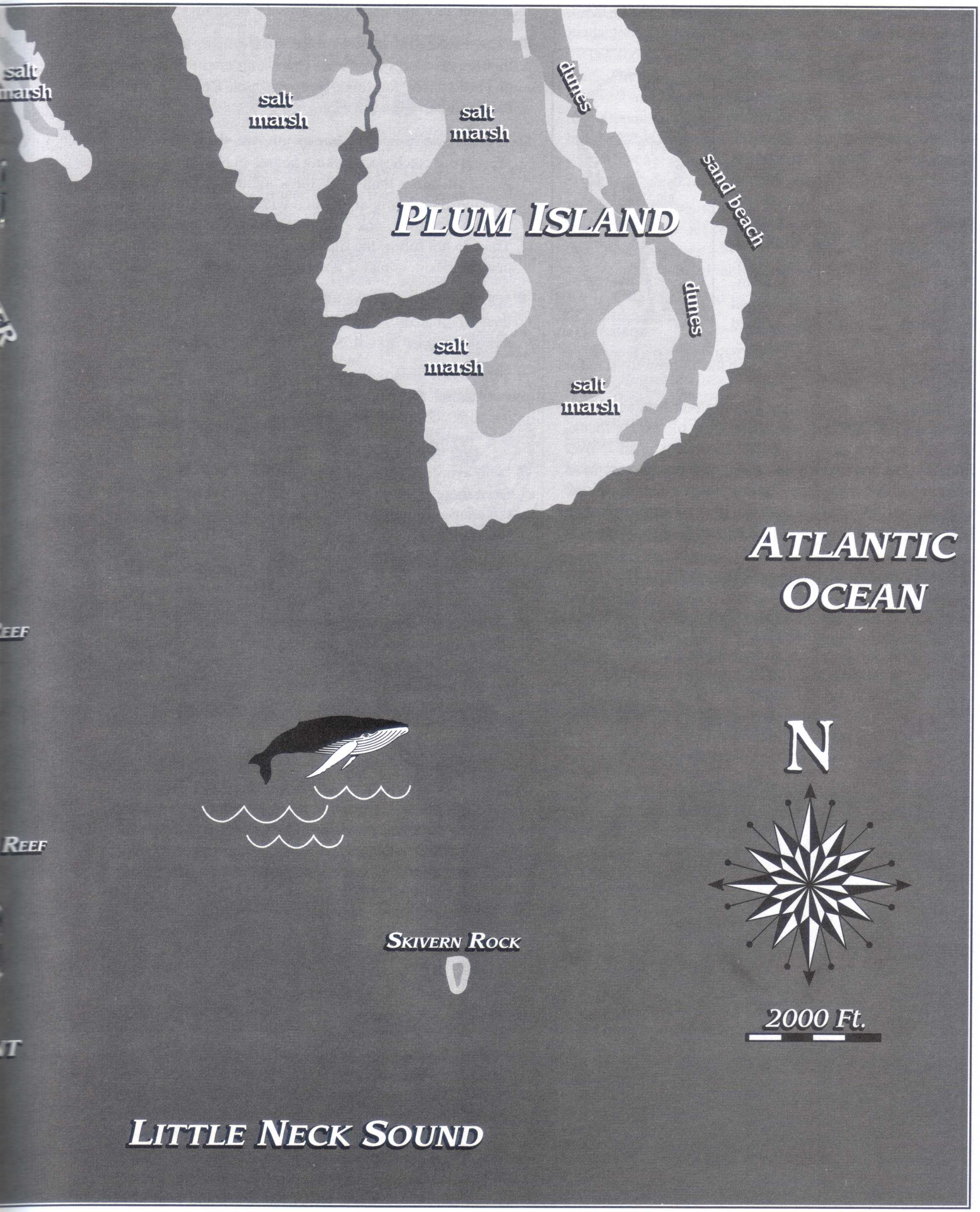
At the north end of Boynton Beach, the Babson mansion stands atop the cliffs, sheltered by trees and overgrown gardens. It has been abandoned for twenty years. Just across the Innsmouth road is another abandoned home, an old farm, overgrown with weeds and brush.

THE HITCHHIKER

Whether they are driving or walking, the investigators come across Robert Waite, a local, hobbling on one crutch. He is headed for Falcon Point. If they stop, they see that he looks them over carefully, and asks if they are from Innsmouth. Assured they are not, he gets in, and gladly answers questions in return for his ride.

He shows them where Boynton Beach is, and describes how to reach the houses below. He says the Boynton


To Newburyport
Plum Island Rive
salt marsh
Carson's Hill Creek
Carson's Hill
hill
RR (abandoned)
To Rowley
Great Innsmouth Salt Marsh
sand beaches
Manuxet River
sand beaches
Devil R
Orne Passage
marsh
Innsmouth
South
beach
Marshy Creek
cliffs and sand beaches
marsh
To Arkham
Falcon Poi
beach
Falcon Creek


salt marsh
salt marsh
salt marsh
dunes
sand beach
PLUM ISLAND
dunes
salt marsh
salt marsh
REEF
REEF
ATLANTIC OCEAN
N
SKIVERN ROCK
2000 Ft.
LITTLE NECK SOUND

Beachers are a poor and backward lot that keep to themselves. He shows where Babson mansion is. It's long abandoned, since the great hurricane of—well, that was before the Great War. Old Ephraim Babson owned it then. He was a bad sort, secretive and mean, with an ugly face. He never gave a person the time of day. Funeral? Oh, there was no funeral. He was lost at sea during that storm, they say. Like a fool, he went swimming and drowned. Reckon the crabs got the body. When the house seemed abandoned, folks in the area helped themselves to what they wanted out of it. Now it's all junk inside. Tramps come and go, but the house hasn't been lived in for twenty years.



ROBERT WAITE

Robert directs them to the Falcon Point residence from which Abigail Harding runs a tiny post office. He thanks them for the ride and gets out of the car. Abigail is over fifty, friendly and loquacious. She has not much to say upon a first visit, but if the investigators return a few times, she also remembers Ephraim Babson as a wicked man, who kept savage dogs and who had trespassers horsewhipped.

Talking to People: Boynton Beach

Driving back from Falcon Point, now and then the investigators see paths weave through the waving high grass and lead to the cliffs. Each path is a way down the cliffs to tiny unpainted wooden houses and the beach below. From the cliff's edge, the player characters see a few fishermen mending nets and a few women tending garden plots or boiling laundry. If called to, no one who looks up will respond, but if the investigators venture down the steep paths to introduce themselves face to face, the residents are obliging.

- "The Falcon Point people are stand-offish, and think themselves God's favorites. There's no credit to be had at Ford's store for folks from Boynton Beach, it's all cash-and-carry for us."
- "Though we're near to Innsmouth, we shun that town. We sell our catches to packing houses in Newburyport or Rockport rather than dock for a minute at Innsmouth. The Innsmouth folk are tainted with incest, you can tell by the way they look feeble and look like each other. They do not follow the righteous Word of God, but some heathen business that is no proper religion."
- "Oh, the big house. We all see lights within it now and then. Sometimes we hear singing, or screams. Sometimes there is thunder from it. Surely that place is haunted."

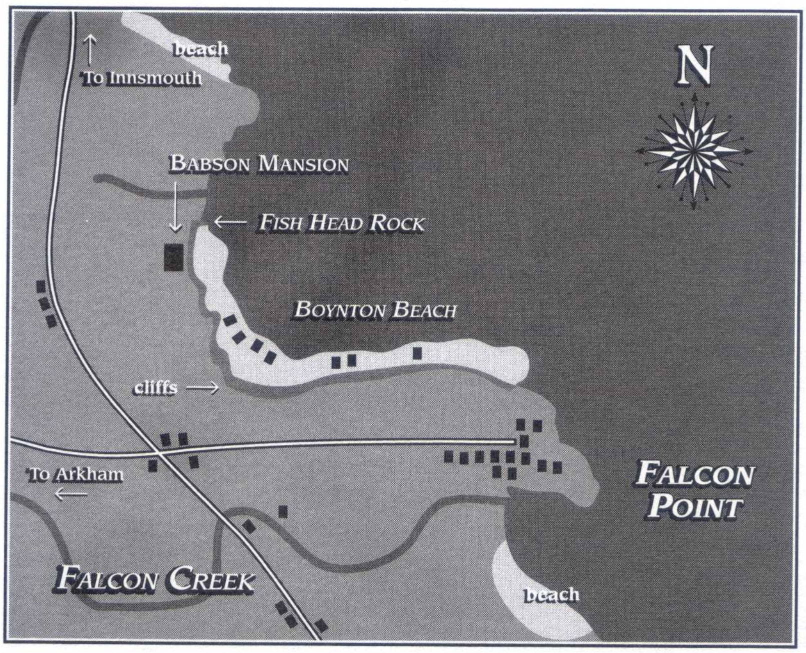
A Psychology roll indicates that they are lying in some respect about the mansion, but are uncomfortable about doing it. A successful Fast Talk earns more of their confidence.

- "Oh, aye, there are not only lights and not only noises from there, but late at night a darkened boat runs up to the mansion's slip. There are people busy, but we daren't go near."

This is all they will say unless the investigators visit additional times. Then they tell the following.

- "There was a boat without running lights that struck and killed Enoch Whittleby, one of us and a good man, during a sudden fog that rolled in. He was sliced to pieces by the propellers, and the boat did not stop. Whoever comes to the big house up there, they are killers."

While talking with the residents of Boynton Beach, the investigators should meet their leader, Cory Weston.



MANSION ENVIRONS

Cory Weston: though sun and wind have lined his face, Weston is still a youthful 37 years old, strong and undaunted by life. He is well spoken and intelligent. If the investigators are able to make friends with him and thus manage to convince him of their good intentions, he and the other fishermen here may be convinced by a successful Fast Talk or Persuade roll to aid the investigators if needed. All six men have bolt-action rifles, though none are very expert with them. See the statistics for Six Fishermen, on p. 43 of this adventure.



CORY WESTON

The Babson Mansion

If approaching the building from the Innsmouth road, a successful Spot Hidden notices that the plants covering the drive to the mansion recently have been crushed down by the passage of wheeled vehicles. Near the house, tracks of several automobiles and trucks can be discerned.

Isolated and abandoned, Ephraim Babson's mansion perches atop the bluff, looking east to the sea across overgrown gardens and a crumbling fountain. It is a large Georgian house, with hipped roof, cupola, and a railed "widow's walk" atop the peak of the roof. Many windows are broken. A corner of the roof has been blown away. The doors have been jimmied or unlocked from within. Shutters swing idly in the wind. To enter the building, one just walks in.



EPHRAIM BABSON

Inside, cobwebs and dust both abound. The house is eerily quiet. The house does not have electricity; investigators must bring their own light sources. There is no telephone. The stench of mildew and rot pervades the rooms.

Usually this mansion will be empty, but every day, there is a 25% chance that the rumrunners will be present at the mansion waiting for a shipment (see below). If the rumrunners are not already at the mansion when the investigators arrive, doubtless they will appear on a future day while the investigators wait around watching for the lights, the singing, or the screaming described by the Boynton Beach fishermen.

Ground Floor

Entrance Hall: the small entrance hall is unfurnished. Fresh muddy footprints lead from here down the cellar steps. A broken hatstand beside the door is draped in cobwebs.

TURNING LEFT FROM THE ENTRANCE

Dining Room: a silver-plate candelabra hangs from the ceiling over a long oak dining table with a quartet of wooden chairs. The smashed remains of more chairs can be found in one corner and as ashes and charred wood in the fireplace.

Parlor: this room is unfurnished. The paint is peeling in places and the floorboards are rotting. Anyone SIZ 15 or greater runs the risk of falling through the weakened floor; roll the investigator's SIZ against 20 on the resistance table. Anyone who falls through ends up on the stone floor of the cellar, taking 1D6+1 damage.

Library: bookshelves line the walls from floor to ceiling. Most have collapsed. Moldering mounds of books are scattered across a rotting Persian carpet. Slimy to the touch, the books have been rendered largely worthless and unreadable by the action of molds and dampness. Some spines can be read. The library included a variety of topics, including Colonial and European history, seamanship, and 19th-century literature. Oil portraits hang on each of the four walls, but the subjects are not identified. They bear facial similarities. The changing modes of dress suggest a succession of Babsons across the nineteenth century.

Withdrawing Room: a pair of stuffed armchairs ripe with decay stand near a fireplace. A peeling, moldy box (reminiscent of a cigar box in shape) and an oversized glass ashtray sit upon a round table between the two chairs.

Water Closet: all fixtures have been stripped out; nothing of importance is here.

TURNING RIGHT FROM THE ENTRANCE

Sitting Room: the once-cheerful room is decorated with faded floral wallpaper. The furniture has been taken. Indentations in a rotting carpet signal where furniture might have rested. There is a fireplace.

Kitchen: the kitchen contains rusty iron fixtures. All the small furniture, cutlery, china, and cookware have been taken.

Study: paneled in dark wood and sparsely decorated, this room contains a large roll-top desk and an oriental rug. The large desk was too heavy to move out of the house, but someone overturned it looking for secret compartments. In one drawer are receipts for household supplies and deliveries of coal; the most recent is dated more than twenty years ago. This room has suffered heavy water damage from the upstairs.

Sewing Room: unfurnished. The room appears not to have been used in many years.

Pantry: a few rusted cans of food and empty bottles wait here.

Water Closet: all fixtures have been stripped out; nothing of importance is here.

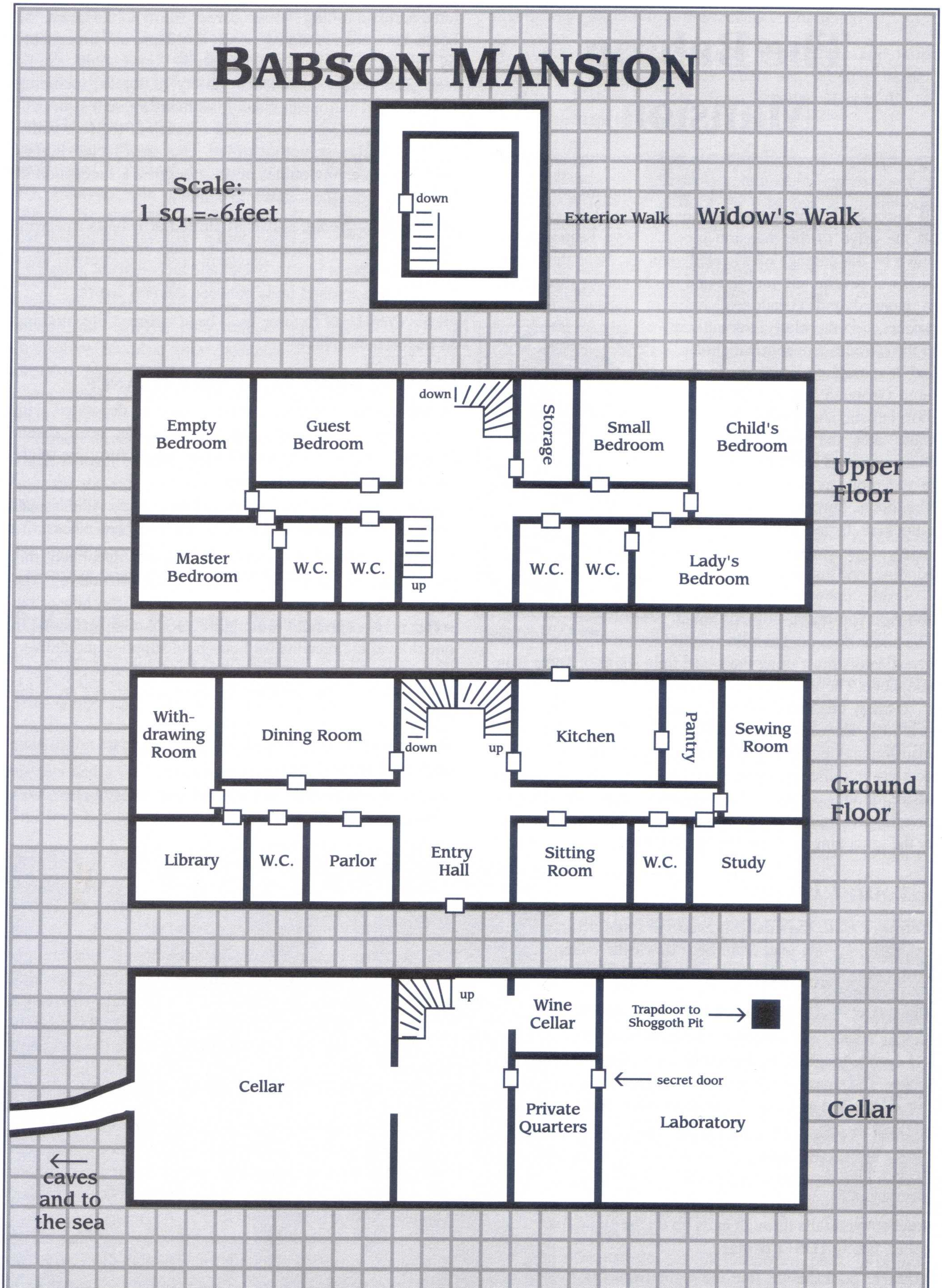
Upper Floor

The staircase to the upstairs has loosened over time, and lurches ominously when walked on. People rarely walk all the way up it, consequently, and it is the only way to get upstairs. Though seemingly unattached, the stairs are actually quite strong, and will not collapse under the weight of a dozen people.

The four water closets have been stripped of fixtures.

Master Bedroom: a massive canopy bed dominates this room, headboard and footboard carved of single pieces of mahogony. They are very heavy. A chest of drawers, minus the drawers, stands against one wall. Glass from a broken window is strewn across the floor.

A successful Spot Hidden roll discovers a letter which apparently slipped behind the chest onto the floor. The envelope is sealed, but not stamped, and addressed to *V.*


Babson Mansion
Scale:
1 sq.=~6feet
down
Exterior Walk
Widow's Walk
Empty Bedroom
Guest Bedroom
down
Storage
Small Bedroom
Child's Bedroom
Upper Floor
Master Bedroom
W.C.
W.C.
up
W.C.
W.C.
Lady's Bedroom
With-drawing Room
Dining Room
down
up
Kitchen
Pantry
Sewing Room
Ground Floor
Library
W.C.
Parlor
Entry Hall
Sitting Room
W.C.
Study
up
Wine Cellar
Trapdoor to Shoggoth Pit
secret door
Cellar
Private Quarters
Laboratory
Cellar
caves and to the sea

Babson, Chicago. The letter itself is written in a crabbed, shaky hand. See *Connection Papers #1*.

Lady's Bedroom: contains a plain four-poster bed. A wardrobe beside the window contains tatters of women's clothing dating from the late 19th century. A leak in the attic has caused extensive water damage to the walls and floor.

Small Bedroom: an unfurnished room. The window has been boarded over.

Empty Bedroom: an unfurnished room.

Child's Bedroom: this room contains a tiny bed frame with a bare mattress. The window is stuck open about six inches; the resultant draft occasionally stirs a rocking horse that stands nearby.

Guest Bedroom: this room is empty, except for a battered mattress propped against one wall. The mattress contains a nest of rats; they are harmless, but skitter nervously when someone enters the room or walks past the open door, perhaps on the way to the widow's walk above.

Storage: several packing boxes are here, most containing rags and old clothes. An oak chest full of newspapers stands nearby; these include a dozen poorly-preserved issues of the *Innsmouth Courier*, circa 1842. (The keeper may use these in conjunction with one of the sinister seeds in *Escape from Innsmouth*, "Bring Me the *Innsmouth Courier*.")

Attic and Widow's Walk

The Attic: a few open wooden crates are here, emptied of all that they contained. Sky is visible in the corner over the lady's bedroom, where long ago part of the roof was torn away by an angry wind.

The Widow's Walk: this small room is reached by a steep flight of narrow steps. High windows offer a commanding view in all directions of the surrounding area. A new bullseye lantern sits on a small table here, along with a box of fresh wood matches and a container of kerosene.

A door gives access to an external walkway running around the perimeter of the little room. This lookout could be used by a sea captain's wife anticipating her husband's return at last—hence the ironical name.

It is from this vantage point that the O'Bannion gang exchanges signals with rum-runner vessels lurking beyond the 12-mile limit.

Cellars

The cellar is damp and cool. Unlike the rest of the mansion, there is little to rot in the cellars, so the air is cleaner. The roar and vibration from the nearby surf is palpable here.

Cellar: a large room, perhaps forty feet wide and sixty feet long, its free-standing ceiling supported by stone arches. A half-dozen cots are here, all of them new and fresh, though their bedding needs changing. A small table stands in one corner, with three wooden chairs grouped around it. Members of the O'Bannion gang use this room, whiling away the hours playing poker for loose change while they await the next rum-runner to appear off the coast. There is a seaward door at the other end of the room.

Wine Cellar: wooden bottle racks line the walls. Plundered long ago by thirsty visitors, the racks are empty now—a few empty and broken bottles remain.

Private Quarters: this bare room has been newly furnished with a bed, a small wood table, and a padded leather chair. Its door to the cellar can be closed. Vinnie Fazuli and Gina Lorenzo use this room, but defer to Eddie Leary when he's here overnight.

The secret door to the laboratory is in the rear wall of this room. A stone in the wall can be pressed back into the wall. When that happens, a narrow door swivels open, disclosing a large room on the other side of the thick stone wall. Let the investigators find this latch if they look for it. To direct them to it, call for Spot Hiddens and bring their attention to the artificial-looking rock in the wall, or use the crying child, just below.

THE CRYING CHILD

Unless the investigators are habitually thorough in their explorations, there's no reason for them to examine the back wall, behind which is hidden the laboratory. A Spot Hidden can direct them, but so can the faraway muffled cry of a child. This is the shoggoth, still hoping for release. Unlike Vinnie and Gina, who keep the radio on all the time, and unlike Eddie Leary, who is getting hard of hearing, the crying will alert the investigators that someone or something is beyond the seemingly solid wall. If the investigators are led into the room by the weeping of the child, they then will be led to the trap door, with dangerous consequences.

THE LABORATORY

As mentioned above, the laboratory's entrance is disguised. There are no windows. The room is perhaps forty feet square, its ceiling supported by stone arches as in the cellar.

Babson's desk, a heavy oak affair with a scorched top, dominates one side of the room. Workbenches on the other side hold various jars—all unlabeled—of powders and liquids, and many pieces of chemical apparatus.

A library table holds a number of obscure tomes; most are of interest only to collectors and students of the occult. The books include Cotton Mather's *The Wonders of the Invisible World*, Beaumont's *Treatise on Spirits, Apparitions, and Witchcraft*, and Bodin's *Demonomanie des Sorciers*.

Of greater interest to the investigators is *Cultus Maleficarum* (the "Sussex Manuscript", a muddled, incomplete English translation of the Latin *Necronomicon*, Sanity loss 1D3/1D6, +7 Cthulhu Mythos, average 36 weeks to study). This crumbling volume contains twenty spells, among them Dominate, Dust of Suleiman, Elder Sign, Resurrection, Shrivelling, Summon/Bind Byakhee, and Voorish Sign, all of them so poorly presented and ill-explained that each spell is dangerously flawed. Years of work and research are needed to resolve questions about them, as Ephraim Babson found to his dismay.

The table holding the books rests on an inconspicuous trap door in the floor. Its features are rendered subtly enough that a successful Spot Hidden must be directed at the floor before the telltale iron ring pull becomes evident.

If the group has not heard the call for help before, a successful Listen roll now detects a faint, child-like voice calling out for help from beneath the trap door. The trap door is padlocked; the key is not in evidence. A successful Locksmith roll picks the rusty lock; investigators also may attempt to smash it (10 HP). Beneath the trap door is the shoggoth.

Shoggoth Pit: this pit, a cube roughly ten feet in each dimension, contains Ephraim Babson's greatest folly, a misguided attempt to bind a shoggoth to his will. Although he succeeded in trapping the horrible entity, he was unable to subdue it or destroy it. It mocked his efforts, but was unable to escape.

If the trap door is opened, the shoggoth assumes the form—from the waist up—of a young boy imprisoned in the pit. The true nature of the abomination below soon becomes apparent, however, as the "boy" emerges from the pit, reverts to its amorphous protoplasmic form, and attempts to engulf all those in the laboratory.

The Shoggoth in the Pit

SHOGGOTH

STR 63	CON 42	SIZ 84	INT 7 POW 11
DEX 04	Mov 10		HP 63

Damage Bonus: +8D6.

Weapons: Crush 70%, damage 8D6

Armor: none, but fire and electrical attacks do only half damage; physical weapons such as firearms do only 1 point of damage, impaling or not. The shoggoth regenerates 2 hit points per round.

Spells: none.

Skills: Dodge 1%, Sneak 10%.

Sanity Loss: 1D6/1D20 Sanity points.

This horrible, amorphous entity can be as much as fifteen feet across. Each victim must win in matching STR against the shoggoth's STR on the Resistance Table, or be sucked apart. If the shoggoth attacks more than one target in the same round, it must allot its STR equally to each. A victim may strike back only if the player can roll D100 equal to or less than his or her STR. Each round a victim is held within a shoggoth, the victim loses hit points equal to the shoggoth's damage bonus: within one or two rounds, unconsciousness and death are certain.

The shoggoth can manipulate its protoplasmic form to generate organs mimicking speech, and create limbs in imitation of other species. This costs the shoggoth magic points equivalent to the SIZ of the creature being imitated. For example, it costs 13 magic points to mimic a human (based on the average human size of 2D6+6). Since the average shoggoth's magic points are less than the SIZ of an average human, however, it can only imitate part of the body—from the waist up, for example—or a smaller specimen, such as a child. When assuming human form, the shoggoth mimics those portions of the body exposed by clothing, the hands and face especially. The shoggoth can maintain this form indefinitely, but cannot use its crush attack while mimicking.

UNDERGROUND

From the cellar, a door opens into short tunnels that lead down to the beach and the concrete pier to which the *Sea Goddess* ties up at night. On the plan (next page), sections of these tunnels are labeled to correspond to the following.

Natural Caverns: these passages are damp, dark, and cool. Ceiling height varies anywhere from ten to fifteen feet. The dull roar of the sea can be heard here, and the smell of salt is heavy.

Sloping Passage: this natural passage slopes perceptibly; the grade is about 1 in 10. The floor is slick but only presents a problem to anyone attempting to run through the passage or to negotiate it without a source of light. The sound and smell of the sea are stronger here.

Smugglers' Cavern: crates of contraband liquor are stored in this damp natural cavern until they can be loaded onto trucks and dispersed. Currently there are close to a hundred crates of Canadian whiskey here. Intrepid investigators might attempt to confiscate the gang's booze and sell it for themselves; this inevitably attracts the attention of treasury agents.

Sea Cave: the passage leads into a cave which opens directly to the sea. If the tide is out, there is little water in the cave, but the sand is smoothed by most high tides. Not far away is a short concrete piece to which the *Sea Goddess* ties so that liquor may be offloaded. It's then carried through the tunnels and upstairs, to be loaded in trucks. A six-man crew needs about three hours to transfer 200 cases of whiskey into the trucks.

The *Sea Goddess*

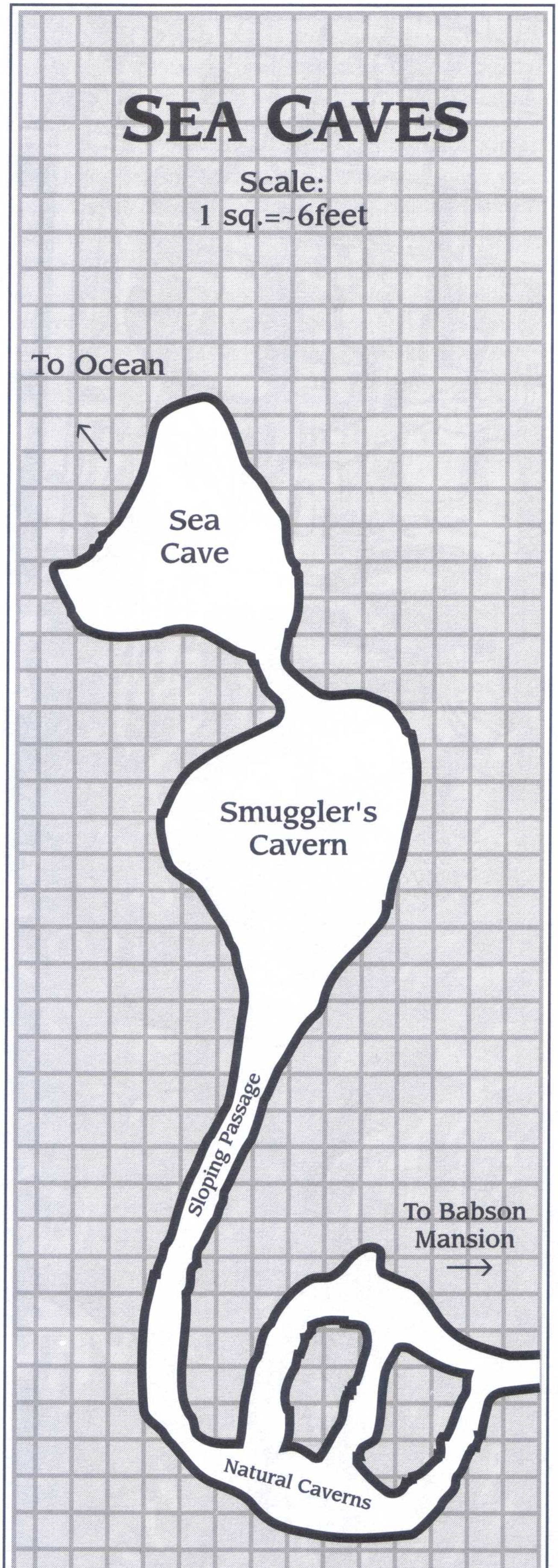
The O'Bannion gang uses the *Sea Goddess*, a fast 48-foot rum-runner that easily evades Coast Guard vessels in a calm sea. With her three Liberty engines at full throttle, she is capable of 40 miles per hour while carrying 200 cases of liquor. A light machine gun is mounted, with shoulder stock and bipod, on the deck. The half-dozen boxes of ammunition beside the gun are labeled the property of the National Guard Armory in Arkham. The *Goddess* is not meant for heavy weather; her long cabin gives her a high profile for the wind to catch. Very many whiskey cases lashed high on deck may cause her to capsize in a strong wind, but Danny O'Bannion will be upset if shifting whiskey cases slam into the interior mahogany woodwork.

BROWNING AUTOMATIC RIFLE M1918

This air-cooled machine gun may be operated in either the semiautomatic or fully automatic (burst) mode. The



THE SHOGGOTH IN THE PIT



weapon weighs sixteen pounds but, with the aid of its sling, can be supported and fired from a standing position. It carries a 20-round box magazine and uses .30-06 ammunition.

Base Chance—15%
Damage—2D6+4
Base Range—90 yards
Attacks/Round—1/2 or burst
Bullets in Gun—20 per magazine
Hit Points—11
Malfunction—00

The Rum-Runners

The O'Bannion gang makes and buys ordinary moonshine within the Commonwealth. For the carriage trade, though, it also purchases foreign liquor from ships a couple of times a week, and distributes it across Essex County and parts of Massachusetts further west. Ounce for ounce, O'Bannion can charge much more for British, Canadian, or Jamaican booze.


VINNIE FAZULI

Arkham and Boston are so close to Boynton Beach that no one stays at the mansion unless they're expecting a shipment. When word comes from Boston or Halifax, Eddie Leary arranges for the purchase money, makes sure that the *Sea Goddess* meets the liquor ship, and organizes a work crew to lug the liquor up from the beach to waiting Lucky Clover Cartage trucks. On any day there is a 25% chance that the rum-runners are here awaiting a shipment.


GINA LORENZO

As many as eight or nine gang members can be found at the Babson mansion when a shipment is due. Eddie Leary is in charge of operations; Vinnie Fazuli is his lieutenant. Vinnie's girlfriend, Gina, is also present at times. If the weather is bad, or if a ship is delayed, there may be no one at the mansion for days, perhaps weeks. If the rum-runners are present, see the description of the mansion for where they are located. Most should be in the cellars, but one or two men will be up on the widow's walk keeping watch.

Eddie Leary: a big bear of a man, Leary is O'Bannion's henchman and enforcer. Lucky Clover Cartage drivers and hirelings fear him. Leary is gravel-voiced, the result of a knife wound to his throat; the scar is still visible. He has also begun to grow deaf, something that he vigorously denies. He over-

sees the Innsmouth operation, putting in an appearance a couple of times a week.

If the investigators approach the house when a shipment of liquor is expected, Leary probably is there. If there is talking to be done, he will take them seriously according to their number and seeming competence. He aims to retain the mansion unless there proves to be a better landing point somewhere else.

EDDIE LEARY, age 35, Enforcer

STR 18	CON 17	SIZ 17	INT 11	POW 10
DEX 12	APP 11	EDU 6	SAN 33	HP 17

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 70%, damage 1D3+1D6
Head Butt 80%, damage 1D4+1D6
Kick 55%, damage 1D6+1D6
Grapple 75%, damage special
Blackjack* 90%, damage 1D8+1D6
Knife 80%, damage 1D4+2 +1D6
.45 revolver 40%, damage 1D10+2
** does only knock-out damage*


EDDIE LEERY

Skills: Credit Rating 20%, Dodge 55%, Drive Automobile 40%, Hide 30%, Listen 40%, Psychology 10%, Sneak 30%, Spot Hidden 35%.

Vinnie Fazuli: well dressed in custom suits and sporting a pencil-thin mustache, Vinnie handles the day-to-day importation of the liquor, but always defers to Eddie Leary. Vinnie is talkative and seemingly amiable, but has a quick temper and a real mean streak. Rubbing Vinnie the wrong way is regrettable and making time with his girlfriend, Gina Lorenzo, is a sure way to annoy him. Gina likes to get appreciative reactions from men, so Vinnie is annoyed a lot.

VINNIE FAZULI, age 31, Smooth Thug

STR 15	CON 14	SIZ 15	INT 11	POW 10
DEX 16	APP 10	EDU 10	SAN 50	HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 70%, damage 1D3+1D4
.38 Revolver 50%, damage 1D10

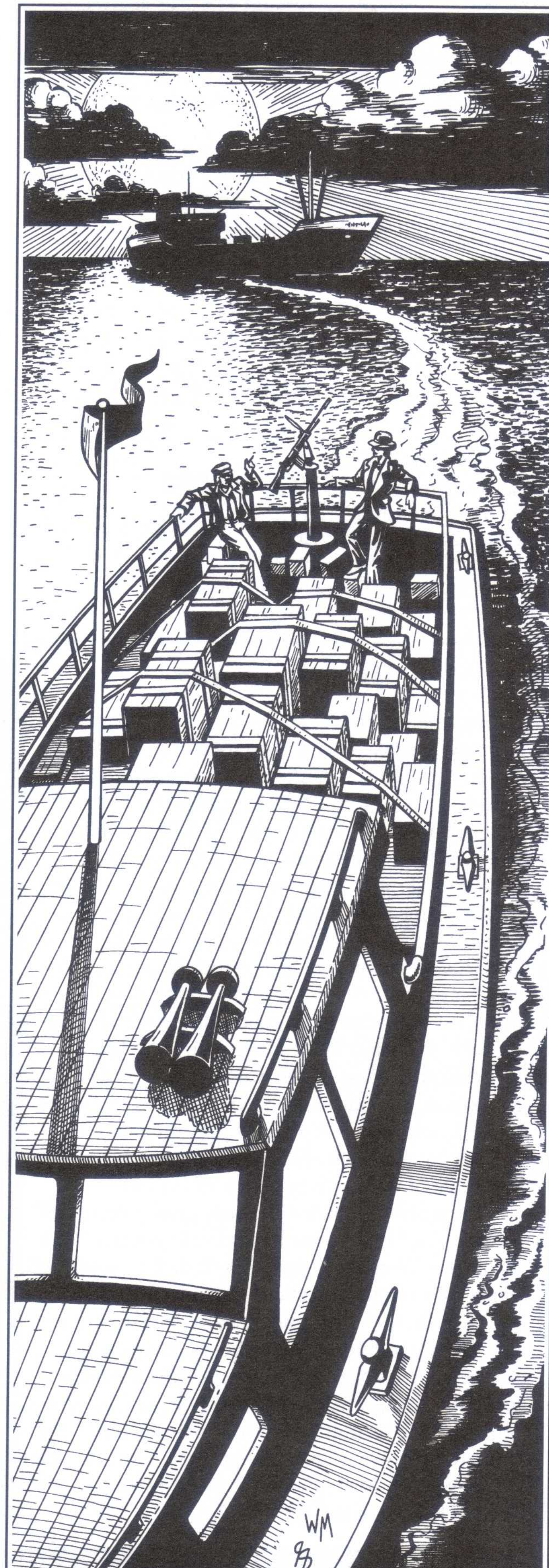
Skills: Conceal 40%, Dodge 45%, Drive Automobile 50%, Fast Talk 35%, Hide 65%, Listen 45%, Mechanical Repair 40%, Sneak 45%, Spot Hidden 50%, Throw 50%, Track 30%.

Gina Lorenzo: a raven-haired beauty with big green eyes, Gina is Vinnie's girlfriend. She imagines herself living the life of a glamorous motion picture moll, but so far it's been all grime and no glamour. Vinnie may promise her diamonds and fur coats, but they don't materialize. If cornered by the player characters, she acts naive and innocent in order to distance herself from the gang, but she quickly betrays any trust the investigators place in her. Little Gina watches out for herself.

GINA LORENZO, age 26, Moll

STR 8	CON 11	SIZ 9	INT 10	POW 13
DEX 15	APP 16	EDU 12	SAN 65	HP 10

Damage Bonus: +0.


THE GODDESS AT REST

Weapons: .32 Snub-Nosed Revolver 40%, damage 1D8
Kick 55%, damage 1D6

Skills: Bargain 40%, Climb 30%, Dodge 35%, Drive Automobile 45%, Fast Talk 60%, Hide 40%, Law 30%, Listen 50%, Persuade 35%, Psychology 50%, Sneak 35%, Spot Hidden 30%.

SIX THUGS

These shifty characters are employees of Lucky Clover Cartage. All are criminals; some are ex-cons. Reuse these statistics if reinforcements arrive from Arkham.

	STR	*CON*	*SIZ*	*POW*	*DEX*	*HP*
Ace	13	13	12	12	15	13
Charlie	13	14	13	12	15	14
Clyde	12	16	14	09	10	15
Dexter	13	16	14	12	12	15
Jack	16	14	12	11	10	13
Sam	13	16	13	11	10	15

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 75%, damage 1D4+1D4
Head Butt 55%, damage 1D4+1D4
Grapple 70%, damage special
Blackjack* 75%, damage 1D8+1D4
Fighting Knife 65%, damage 1D4+2+1D4
.38 revolver 75%, damage 1D10
Browning Automatic Rifle 30%, damage 2D6+4
** does knockout damage only*

Skills: Climb 55%, Dodge 55%, Drive Automobile 55%, Fast Talk 45%, Hide 55%, Sneak 55%, Spot Hidden 55%.

Rum-Running

During Prohibition, the smuggling of liquor was big business. A ragtag fleet of foreign-registry ships operated just outside U.S. territorial waters, selling contraband booze for cash. The rum-runners used virtually any ocean-going vessel that could float—tramp steamers, fishing schooners, old navy ships, and so on.

A typical rum-runner took Nassau as a base, there legally purchasing liquor in wholesale quantities. Ostensibly bound for Halifax or some other legal destination, the rum-runner would heave to off a Northeast port, beyond the three-mile limit (later increased to twelve miles) and sell the liquor cargo for cash, to contact boats which then ran it ashore.

A wholesale case of fine whiskey might cost $15 at a legal port. The case might be sold to the contact boats for $30, who in turn distributed it to volume retailers for $40. In a large city like New York or Boston, that same case of whiskey might fetch $80 or more.

The success of such operations greatly depended on the weather. Too much wind, and contact boats could not risk miles of open sea. If they took on too much whiskey, they might bow into a swell, swamp, and sink. Heavy swells might smash them against the side of a ship while unloading heavy crates far at sea. A very high or a very low tide might affect unloading at port, or a heavy fog might make port invisible until after sunrise. And of course there were always the pesky Coast Guard and revenue agents looking for illegal activity. Many bottles of bonded scotch decorate the bottom of the sea.

Conclusion

A few hours of exploration provide the investigators with enough information to solve the mystery surrounding the Babson mansion. What will they do with the knowledge?

Whether Babson decides to keep the mansion or put it on the market is for the keeper to decide, based on the investigators' input to Frank Hardy. Should Stephen decide to take up residence, the keeper may wish to utilize the Ephraim Babson subplot detailed at the end of this adventure.

Do Nothing: this is always an option. No supernatural wrath will haunt the investigators if they do not act. The O'Bannion gang continues its rum-running operations until someone moves into the Babson mansion, or at least bothers to lock it. Lacking a purchaser, the heir is stuck with the property. There are no rewards for this outcome.

Confront: a confrontation with the O'Bannion gang is possible, but dangerous: a typical group of investigators will be outnumbered, outgunned, and outmuscled. Battling O'Bannion's Innsmouth connection is difficult, and his reinforcements—in the form of thugs from Arkham—are not far away, so this is something not lightly done. Tackling and destroying the shoggoth nets the investigators a reward of 1D20 Sanity points.

Call the Police: once the investigators determine that bootleggers are using the abandoned Babson mansion, they may alert the police. This is a reasonable course of action but the results depend on the law enforcement agency contacted. As a rule, some members of the Arkham Police or those of Essex County are on the take from O'Bannion. Officers on the gang's payroll turn a blind eye when they can, or tip off the bootleggers. At worst for them, O'Bannion's group may be forced out of the Babson place and need to look for new digs. Innsmouth beckons, but O'Bannion will be horrified if he opens negotiations with the real powers there.

Call the Feds: contacting federal authorities, however, gets much better results. As part of the crackdown on booze, Treasury Department agents are zealous in their pursuit of bootleggers. Although a few can be bribed, the majority are beyond reproach. The nearest office is in Boston; up to a dozen agents can be dispatched and on the scene in 10+1D12 hours. If Treasury agents arrive and the bootleggers are present, they attempt to flee—overland if possible, and through the tunnels to the beach if necessary. Outgunned, those who cannot escape surrender to the agents without a fight. There are no Sanity rewards in this instance, but the investigators could conceivably gain some allies (or, less happily, enemies) among local or federal law enforcement officials. With a successful Persuade roll, the investigators might be allowed to accompany the agents on any raid.

If the authorities discover the shoggoth pit, what they do with its occupant is for the keeper to decide, but it is quite

possible that the secret room goes unnoticed without the keeper's active connivance. If the investigators destroy the shoggoth, they gain the Sanity reward for it.

AN OPTIONAL HORROR: EPHRAIM BABSON

Through a succession of dark rituals, Ephraim Babson has become a thrall of Cthulhu. The monstrous transformation began a few years before his disappearance. When Babson's body could no longer pass for human, he retreated to the sea to complete the transformation. His mind, will, and identity remain, but his body has become a monstrous and immortal mass of puffy sweating flesh.

Babson has become an immortal who studies and disputes in Y'ha-Nthlei. He sometimes returns to his laboratory to refer to a book or conduct an experiment, especially if the experiment needs a high-temperature fire.

Babson does not need to return to the mansion during the course of the scenario unless the keeper wishes. Should his heir visit there or take up residence, Babson can be drawn psychically to the place. Babson's goal would be to bring his relative to a fate similar to his own. Less likely, perhaps, is the notion that a lingering vestige of humanity prompts the elder Babson to warn the young man away from his doom.

EPHRAIM BABSON, Thrall of Cthulhu

STR 14	CON 14	SIZ 17	INT 13	POW 14
DEX 7	Mov 6/10 swim			HP 16

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Claw 30%, damage 1D6+2+1D4

Armor: none, but a thrall regenerates hit points lost to physical damage at a rate of 1D6 points per round.

Spells: Contact Cthulhu, Contact Deep One, Contact Elder Thing, Contact Star-Spawn of Cthulhu, Summon/Bind Byakhee, Summon/Bind Fire Vampire, Summon/Bind Servitor of the Outer Gods, Voorish Sign.

Skills: Accounting 45%, Cthulhu Mythos 23%, Hide 20%, Innsmouth Lore 70%, Library Use 60%, Listen Under Water 65%, Natural History 35%, Occult 20%, Sneak 35%, Spot Hidden 40%, Swim 65%, Y'ha-Nthlei Lore 40%.

Languages: Deep One 35%, German 65%, Latin 67%.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D8 Sanity points to see a thrall of Cthulhu.

NOTES ON THRALLS

Thralls of Cthulhu are humanoids of an unnaturally whitish or gray skin color. Their corpulent, bloated flesh exudes jelly-like sweat smelling of methane. The puffy flesh easily tears away when the creature is attacked, although it soon grows back and is more discomfort than damage to the thrall. They are hairless, with wide, round, unblinking yellow eyes. Small vestigial tentacles surround a mouth filled with sharp teeth. Thralls lack ear shells, and thus hear poorly in air, though very well in water. The voice of a thrall has a dribbling, whining quality disgusting to human listeners. Fingers and toes conclude in sharp claws, although the creature's awkwardness precludes foot attacks. Thralls retain the sexual characteristics of their prior human existence, but the distorted organs are sterile.

On land, thralls typically crouch. They can move quickly on land for short distances, but their short puffy legs do not allow them to run for long. They are good swimmers, and revel in the depths of the sea. They can breathe in water.

A thrall reduced to 0 hit points through physical attack turns into a cloud of gray, foul-smelling gas. Like Cthulhu, it can reform completely 1D8+1 rounds later. If reduced to 0 hit points by a spell or other magical attack, a thrall dies and cannot be resurrected. Except from attack by an enemy, a thrall is immortal.

Statistics

SIX TREASURY AGENTS

These stalwarts wage unceasing war against alcohol. They are unswerving in their patience and diligence. Reuse these statistics as necessary.

	STR	*CON*	*SIZ*	*DEX*	*POW*	*HP*
Duncan	16	12	16	17	13	14
Eliot	13	18	12	10	12	15
Martin	13	13	12	12	11	13
Ross	14	13	11	11	11	12
Tanner	12	14	18	11	10	16
Willis	14	13	13	11	12	13

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 55%, damage 1D3+1D4
.38 automatic 55%, damage 1D10
Thompson Submachine Gun 40%, damage 1D10+2

Skills: Climb 45%, Credit Rating 20%, Dodge 40%, Drive Automobile 35%, First Aid 40%, Hide 30%, Jump 55%, Law 30%, Listen 40%, Mechanical Repair 30%, Persuade 30%, Psychology 30%, Sneak 35%, Spot Hidden 45%, Track 20%

SIX FISHERMEN

These brave men are courageous at sea, but are not educated fighters. Do not reuse any stat; only these six men from Boynton Beach can be of any help.

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
Downy	14	12	14	17	11	13
Elander	13	16	12	13	12	14
Lopez	14	11	11	12	11	11
Martin	13	12	12	11	11	12
Vespucci	13	14	12	11	10	13
Weston	14	13	11	10	15	12

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 45%, damage 1D3+1D4
.30-06 Bolt-action Rifle 35%, damage 2D6+4

Skills: Climb 40%, Craft (Fishing) 60%, Credit Rating 10%, Dodge 30%, Drive Automobile 25%, First Aid 30%, Hide 40%, Innsmouth Lore 10%, Jump 35%, Listen 70%, Mechanical Repair 40%, Natural History 45%, Navigate 70%, Pilot Boat 65%, Psychology 45%, Sea Lore 50%, Sneak 35%, Spot Hidden 45%. ■

The Occulted Light

Wherein an ancient romance is investigated, and it is also discovered that there is no unity among the races of the Mythos.

Innsmouth is a town that is sinking into a mire of depravity and desperation. Most of its inhabitants cling to what little they have while the strong seek to build their petty empires and exploit the weak. "The Occulted Light" is the story of a woman who refuses to be used and is looking for her own power by flouting the traditions of the doomed town.

The scenario suits investigators from a variety of backgrounds. Inexperienced players can attempt it with reasonable expectations of success. Play may be set any year before 1926. The ultimate encounter, with the star-spawn, is quite dangerous, however, and care should be taken to give the player characters all the information pertinent to the ultimate situation. If for instance no one can identify the star-spawn, let Moira offer a little knowledge based on her Cthulhu Mythos percentiles.

Once they are stranded on the island, the keeper should try not to play Sedna and Moira together. Once the party reaches Skivern Rock, Sedna and Moira can meet, if useful, but apart from the investigators. Sedna mostly should be invisible, unnamed, and not mentioned except by her erstwhile lover Tagg in his journal. Let her lurk in the darkness. At the end, Moira can introduce her as her elder, and she and Moira can converse in some froggy deep one tongue if coordination is needed in attacking the star-spawn, but do not allow Sedna to befriend the investigators. Sedna is inhuman and not friendly. She is a greater power than the investigators, of a great race and with a heritage of artistic subtlety. Her cool amphibian heart is little moved even by her descendant child.

A Secret History

Thousands of years ago an Innsmouth-area American Indian tribe worshiped with the deep ones from Y'ha-Nthlei. Fish-Head Rock, just south of Innsmouth, is their relic. They venerated Hydra above Dagon. One of Hydra's priestesses was Sedna, a deep one who lived in a sea cave beneath Skivern Rock, east and north of Devil Reef. In time, the tribe declined. Its remnants were absorbed by neighboring tribes, and its traditions were forgotten. Sedna, who had been entertained by the tribe, fell into longer and longer slumbers, waking only to feed.

New peoples came. Occasionally they noticed Sedna's forages. Tales of the "Skivern mermaid" and the "Skivern ghost" were told by survivors whose ships were impaled on the rocks. In 1750, the Skivern Rock lighthouse was built. In 1821, a wave-powered fog horn was added. The first time the sounder blew steadily, it woke Sedna. In a rage, she destroyed it, smashed the lighthouse, and slaughtered the two terrified keepers. Storms swept away all traces of her vengeance. Sedna returned to sleep.

In the following year, the lighthouse was manned by Bartholomew Tagg and Andrew Muir. Tagg took the job because he was an aspiring painter who wanted solitude in which to work. Muir was a coarse ex-sailor who wanted more authority than he found aboard ship. They were too different. Quickly they grew to loathe each other.

In 1824 the lighthouse was rebuilt and a new fog horn was installed. Sedna awoke again, this time in a better humor. She enjoyed spying on the interlopers, and was diverted. As she had centuries before, she used Soul Singing to appear as a ghostly American Indian woman. She approached the handsome Tagg. After some months she corrupted him with promises of wealth, power, and pleasure if in return he would serve her. She demanded a sacrifice to prove his worthiness. Tagg eagerly murdered Muir. Sedna was pleased.

An official investigation found no reason to dispute the story that Muir had been swept away in a storm. Still, gossip of foul play persisted, fueled by Tagg's obvious dislike of Muir. No one would serve with Tagg. Bartholomew Tagg remained alone on Skivern Rock for years.

Over the next decade the couple colluded to wreck ships. Sedna would cause storms while Tagg hid ("occulted") the powerful light from endangered ships. Tagg grew wealthy from the plunder he hoarded, at the cost of his sanity. Sedna was delighted with the sacrifices and with Tagg's subservience. The two became lovers and she revealed her true nature to him. In 1838, she bore a hybrid baby boy. She was unprepared for its human appearance.

She thought the apparent regression from deep one to human was an unholy event, and that it signaled Hydra's displeasure toward breeding with humans. Tagg hid away the child, afraid she would kill it. Neither realized it carried what would be called the Innsmouth taint. He paid an Innsmouth widow, Peggy Brookes, with looted silver bullion to raise the child, whom he named Winston.

By now quite insane, Tagg confessed part of his plight to an old friend, Captain Gardner Averill. Averill, knowing something of the Mythos from his travels, taught him a ritual to aid him against the siren. But Tagg's ritual failed. Furious at her lover's treachery, Sedna devoured Tagg. The lighthouse had been whispered to be haunted; now, with the loss of a fourth man in its history, the lighthouse was closed.

Sedna brooded. Time passed. She began stalking and killing solitary hybrids at sea, seeing them as blasphemous to Hydra. In Innsmouth, the Esoteric Order of Dagon dared

not kill a priestess of Hydra, so they decided to bind a star-spawn to the environs of Skivern Rock, to keep Sedna in her lair. No deep one aided her. She has been trapped there for the past eighty years.

MOIRA BROOKES

Moira Brookes is the last land-dwelling descendant of Bartholomew Tagg and Sedna. Brought up in Innsmouth, she appreciates her deep one taint. Moira is intelligent, ambitious, and attractive, and has not yet developed obvious hybrid features. She knows nothing of Sedna.

She is resourceful. As a waitress in Innsmouth's Garden Bar, she charmed her way into the good graces of influential hybrids, including a minor priest of the Order. A string of strategic short affairs schooled her in Innsmouth's true history and she has learned something about the Cthulhu Mythos, including two spells.



MOIRA BROOKES

About a year before the start of the scenario, Moira's father, Jonathan Brookes, completed his transformation into a deep one. She arranged a mock funeral for him, as often happens in Innsmouth. While sorting the things he left behind, she found a yellowed letter from Bartholomew Tagg to Peggy Brookes. See *Occulted Papers #1*.

From this letter Moira guessed that either Winston was rescued from a wrecked ship or that he was the progeny of Bartholomew and a deep one. The letter was folded around a trinket. The object is a small stone disk that is about two inches across. On it is a simple hand-carved shape reminiscent of Fish-Head Rock. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll divines, as Moira already has, that this American Indian talisman reveres the deep one matron Mother Hydra.

In play, it adds 10 percentiles to the chance to cast the spell Contact Deep One. Moira wears it under her blouse at all times, unaware that it was once a love token from Sedna to Tagg.



THE TALISMAN

Moira imagines there are other deep one items—perhaps even gold jewelry such as the old Innsmouth families own—to be found on Skivern Rock. She also suspects that Bartholomew Tagg might have lured ships onto the rocks and, if so, there might be salvaged loot hidden in or near the lighthouse.

Moira has been dreaming of worshiping Hydra in a cavernous temple. Although she is not conscious of it, these dreams guide her to Skivern Rock as much as any desire for wreckers' treasure and stolen gold.



SEDNA: A DEADLY LOVE

MOIRA'S SITUATION

Moira needs help to get to Skivern Rock. It is a mile swim through swirling currents to reach it from shore. The jagged shallows surrounding Skivern make boating and landing dangerous. Asking for help in Innsmouth garners unwelcome attention and possibly unwanted competition. The Order would think nothing of stealing what she has come to regard as her birthright. According to them, females should marry young, have large families, and stay behind closed doors when the Innsmouth look becomes too apparent. Male members of the Order have no qualms about forcing women against their wishes—this is not to Moira's taste at all.

She deliberately had an affair with Noah Eliot, the town tax assessor and the hen-pecked hybrid husband of Eustis Eliot. Gifted at manipulating men, Moira exploited his position in the town assembly to gain a little money and a lot of information. But when she asked him to obtain sea charts, he started asking questions. He threatened to tell the Order that she was up to something, so she threatened to tell his wife about their affair, using his love letters as proof. When he became more of a risk than an asset, she shot him in the back. She stole the money that he had patiently embezzled, left him for dead, and fled town.

Her lover survived and even kept his job, but was left a cripple by the bullet that touched his spine. He has never told the truth about the assault, fearing exposure. He claims he did not see his assailant. Now he drags himself around on crutches, legs in braces, filled with hatred for the woman who did this to him. He has employed Joe Memphis, a shiftless local hybrid, to tell him if Moira Brookes returns. Memphis has deduced that she was involved in Eliot's shooting.

Moira Brookes needs outside help—expendable people who are easily manipulated. Those who know her also know the rumors that surround her, and do not trust her.

Other Ways into This Scenario

An Alternate Moira: if the keeper prefers, the investigators might independently learn about the lighthouse, its history, and possible treasure. They meet Moira in Innsmouth or somewhere else while they are investigating. She tries to convince them that they should work together, offering to share her information.

Chance Meeting: while in Innsmouth for some entirely unconnected reason (perhaps during or following another scenario), the investigators rescue Moira from the attentions of Joe Memphis (he appears later in this adventure). She tells them her story and asks for their help.

Storm at Sea: this makes for a much shorter scenario which avoids using Moira or investigations in Innsmouth. The investigators are exploring the New England coastline by boat. Sedna causes a storm that wrecks their boat on Skivern Rock, for she hopes to use them against the star-spawn that imprisons her. The investigators scramble ashore on the rock as the star-spawn crushes the boat, perhaps killing other passengers or crew, leaving the investigators stranded with no good choices.

Investigator Information

The investigators are contacted by Moira Brookes, an attractive woman in her early twenties. She wears a respectable black dress. She wants help in tracing her family history, saying that her father died of tuberculosis a year ago and that since then she has been researching the family's genealogy at his dying wish, as set forth in his last letter. She takes it from her purse and hands it to them. See *Occulted Papers #2*.

Moira confesses that she originally comes from Innsmouth but now lives in Arkham (or wherever the investigators base themselves). Her inquiries in Innsmouth have been met with silence or threats. Innsmouth is a terrible place, full of desperate criminals and vicious thugs. She does not feel safe there.

She knows that her true grandfather was adopted by a widow, Peggy Brookes. Showing them a family tree (*Occulted Papers #3*) she has drawn, she explains that her grandfather's true father was Bartholomew Tagg but her true great-grandmother remains a mystery. Tagg was the keeper at Skivern Rock lighthouse, long abandoned. She hopes that by investigations at the lighthouse she will uncover what her father wants her to know about her ancestry. The old lighthouse is situated amid dangerous rocks, in treacherous waters. She knows that it will be necessary to acquire charts of the waters and hire an expert boatman to reach it. She does not want to go there alone as she fears Innsmouth fishermen might rob or murder her.

Moira offers the investigators $200 for their help. "All of my savings," she adds innocently.

HER TISSUE OF LIES

Tailor Miss Brooke's reasons for contacting the investigators to suit their skills and backgrounds. She might approach anyone with a reputation for investigating the unusual. She might contact academic investigators first, for help in research, but if she does she will ask them if they know any bodyguards in case of trouble. If she contacts private investigators first, she will ask them if they know any historians or archaeologists, or deep sea salvagers, whatever she thinks she will need.

The story she tells has grains of truth, but the corroborating letter from her father is false, written by Moira herself as a ploy for getting outside help. She feeds the investigators lines of inquiry to direct them—she does not want them to alert her enemies or for them to uncover much about her less-than-innocent past.

She lies freely. What she reveals depends on what the investigators guess or find out, and what they discover at Skivern. She plays the damsel in distress as much as she thinks appropriate, depending on the investigators' sympa-

thy and generosity. If that doesn't work, she confides that there may be a cache of silver on the rock, using the letter from Tagg to Peggy Brookes as evidence. If a player character is a historian she may use the lure of ancient artifacts waiting to be discovered. If some of them seem knowledgeable about the occult or the Mythos, she might show them the stone disk as a hint that Skivern Rock may hold strange secrets. She avoids admitting to the deep one taint unless she is desperate, and even then will imply that the taint will not much affect her.

If they learn about Noah Eliot, she tearfully claims that he tried to take advantage of her when she went to him for help with her family's mortgage. She says she was fearful, and is ashamed that she consented to his licentious demands. If pressed she confesses that one day she could take it no longer, and shot him. She does or says whatever she thinks will keep the investigators loyal to her.

She has no desire to double-cross them but will exploit them as she needs. If the group works well, she may wish to continue working with them as long as they are useful, probably having an affair with whomever has shown her the most kindness in order to manipulate him better.

Innsmouth

Rockport to the southeast and Newburyport to the north are each within ten miles by fishing boat. That distance is about an hour's travel in fair seas. If an Innsmouth embarkation becomes tenuous, these other ports are within practical distance and offer plenty of boats for hire, with skippers knowledgeable about the waters. From Innsmouth or not, no skipper will try to tie up at Skivern Rock; the party has to disembark and row a short distance in a small boat.

Innsmouth is the nearest port to Skivern Rock. If departure is from Innsmouth, Moira wants to get there early in the day, acquire sea charts quickly, hire a boat and boatman, and sail to the lighthouse in full daylight. She discourages but does not prevent investigations that do not relate to her agenda. The more time the group spends in Innsmouth, the more likely that some harassment or danger approaches Moira Brookes.

The Brookes family residence at 307 Place of Hawks Road, where Moira's grandmother lives, is a logical base of operations. Joy Brookes is senile and forgetful, repeatedly offering tea to the investigators. Moira does not want them troubling Joy too much because she is afraid her grandma may blurt out something compromising. Joy may mention something that Moira has not revealed yet, such as Tagg's letter to Peggy, forcing Moira to tell more.

Joe Memphis, a short, oily hybrid, spots the investigators if they come here, and tries to find out what they are up to. He alerts Noah Eliot as soon as he knows of Moira's return. If she sees Memphis lurking about, she may try to make a deal with him, cutting Eliot out of the picture.

Noah Eliot

Eliot is a repulsive and deeply bitter hybrid who wants Moira to suffer and fail before he has her killed. If he learns of their presence, he tries to arrange a quick meeting with one or two of the most venal-seeming investigators. He wants to turn them against Moira by telling his version of events. He warns that she is totally untrustworthy. A successful Persuade or Fast Talk roll causes him to admit his affair with her.


NOAH ELIOT

He wants someone to tell him what Moira is planning. He wants someone to betray her. He will pay up to $1,000 to get his revenge. He strongly implies that he wants Moira dead. If the investigators refuse, he threatens their safety. An hour later, town constables warn the investigators to get out of Innsmouth.

A Chart for Skivern Rock

Without a chart of the surrounding waters, approaching the rock and even landing a small boat on it will be more dangerous, Innsmouth skipper or not. Inexplicably, the investigators cannot find a small-scale chart for the area of Skivern Rock or for Devil Reef, a little further southwest.

(Over time, the hybrids have removed all file copies as well as those for sale along this part of the coast. No federal chart contains any reference to secret tunnels or the deep one city of Y'ha-Nthlei.)

Moira Brookes suggests three possible sources for a chart in Innsmouth—Rawes & Hogg Insurance, the old custom house, or the Assembly Hall. She is open to other suggestions.

Rawes & Hogg, Nautical Insurance, New Church Green: this building was abandoned seventy years ago when the firm closed. However, the investigators can find faded charts of the waters around the lighthouse with a careful search (Spot Hidden) of the debris inside.

With a successful Accounting roll, they also find details of insurance claims relating to Skivern Rock and Devil Reef, and details of the many shipwrecks that occurred in the early 19th century. The insurers considered wrecking a possibility, though nothing was ever proven.

Day or night there is a 30% chance that someone notices the strangers entering the building. If so, they alert the authorities. The police arrive in ten minutes or so, questioning them and possibly arresting them for trespass. Moira arranges bail (a bribe, actually) to release them after a few hours, but if either Nathan Birch or Andrew Martin participated in the arrest, all bribery fails.

When Moira Brookes leaves the jail (504 Main Street), Noah Eliot knows about it, for the assembly hall is only a block away. He questions them. If they help him, he arranges for their release.

Custom House, Dock Street: most of the plank-floored rooms in this abandoned building are empty and echoing. However, faded charts of Innsmouth's coastal waters are glued to a wall in an upstairs office. The charts are not removable without removing the wall as well; a successful Navigation roll (or applicable Art or Craft roll) is necessary to make an accurate copy. A 15% chance exists that someone sees them enter the building and alerts the authorities. The police arrive ten minutes later, with the same effect as above.

Innsmouth Assembly Hall, New Church Green: normal hours are 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. week days. Eustis Eliot, the human town clerk and Noah Eliot's wife, is a wrinkled harridan who loathes snoopers. Moira will not go to meet her for fear that she knows about the affair with Noah. A successful Fast Talk or Persuade is needed to get Eustis to look up anything. It takes her 1D3 days to find the chart. She informs the Order and Noah about the request. If Eustis is somehow distracted, a Sneak roll allows another investigator access. A halved Library Use roll finds the chart, and the investigator is able to stroll out unnoticed.

Don't Pay the Ferryman

To get to Skivern Rock, the investigators could risk their own boat and try their own skills, if they have them, but they still need the chart. If they try to find an Innsmouth boatman to ferry them to the lighthouse, hybrid fishermen will try to rob or kill them, as a Psychology roll can reveal.

The investigators have a choice of two reliable people in Innsmouth.

For a safe ride to Skivern Rock and back, Moira suggests Dewey Smith. He lives in a shack beside the harbor; investigators may already have met him. He is fully human, but mentally unbalanced—he only sees the good side of things. He finds it appropriate that a community of fishermen looks like frogs, for instance—it is a great joke. Dewey can be persuaded to take them to the old lighthouse for ten dollars or more, and a reasonable story as to why they want to go.

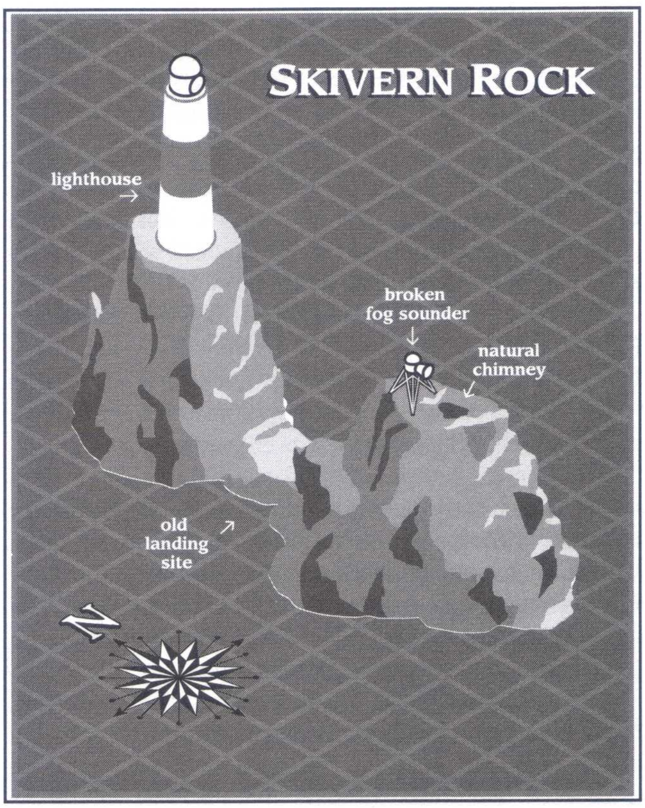
All of Dewey's neighbor fishermen are dangerous, violent, or almost completely transformed hybrids. Moira will not trust them.

If Dewey is busy or at sea, the group can meet Walter Bielacki (a human, Polish, ex-fisherman on the skids) bumming change, cigarettes, or drinks. He still has his own boat but rarely has fuel to put to sea nowadays. Once drunk, Bielacki would agree to ferry them to the rock for fifteen dollars, perhaps less if liquor were offered. For another five dollars, Dewey Smith or Walter Bielacki can take along an anonymous friend who is an expert oarsman. He can actually land them on the island.



WALTER BIELACKI

No boatmen will do anything more than ferry them to the lighthouse and pick them up on the next tide, weather permitting—there is no safe place to moor at Skivern Rock. If they have the charts and the skipper has decent skills, then the voyage there is safe. Without the chart, Navigate and Pilot Boat rolls are required or the boat is holed by a rock. If this happens, all need successful Swim rolls to reach Skivern Rock, but the boat itself soon breaks up on the rocks.



Skivern Rock

Skivern Rock is more than three hundred feet long, rising to twin masses of about eighty feet at its north and south ends, narrowing with a wasp between them less than twenty feet in height. The tiny black island has been polished and laved by the waves, so that fantastic shapes and bubble forms have been cut through the basalt. The whole island has become like a sculpture. Dominating the north end is the eighty-foot-high lighthouse, intact though pitted and scarred. Even on a relatively calm day, swells crash across the tiny island's waist. Steps are always slippery. The surf pounds relentlessly. During storms, the waves challenge everything, and are life-threatening.

At sea, Skivern first has to be approached from the north, then circled to the west to avoid lurking reefs. The old landing platform at the waist of the island is eroded. Its height allows for an easy landing only during a high tide. To leap ashore from a boat, a successful DEX x5 roll is needed. If that roll fails, lose 1 hit point to scrapes and bruises, but allow the character to scramble onto the short platform, then up the steps to the lighthouse far above.

There is now no place to tie up. The small boat has to make the trip back to the fishing boat, and await a signal from Skivern to approach again. Once the rowboat has dropped off the investigators, it slowly picks its way back through the rocks to open water.

Just as it seems safely away, something gray and gigantic reaches up from the water. The bow rises and shakes for a moment, then the sharp *crack!* of its splintering wood punches through the boom of the surf. The tiny craft is dragged down below the surface and disappears. (The star-spawn is bound to prevent anyone leaving. People trying to leave the island are attacked; going to the island meets no opposition.)

With a successful Listen roll, the wails of the oarsman can be heard, but then those screams are submerged by the sudden cries of a swarm of gulls, who have noticed the action and begun circling for leftovers. To witness this costs 0/1D2 SAN.

If the keeper wishes, the oarsman can reach Skivern Rock safely with a successful Swim roll; Sanity loss is light because a rower typically rows with his or her back to the bow, and consequently has seen almost nothing of the attack: 1/1D2+1 SAN. No statistic is specified for the oarsman.

The Lighthouse

The seascape is placid and beautiful again. Gradually the gulls wheel and fly away.

Eroded stone steps lead up to the lighthouse door. Rust has begun to weaken exposed iron fixtures, their protective paint long ago stripped by the sea. The door is locked, but a few smashes with a large rock shatter the ancient iron padlock. The door opens onto the second floor of the building. There are five levels to the columnar lighthouse, a buttressed base nearly forty feet across narrowing to about twenty-five feet across at the great lamp at the top. Spiral stone stairs lead up and down. Thick iron hatch-style doors open onto a room at each level. All windows are intact. Furniture and trappings within are dirty with age. Cobwebs hang in many places and mold spots the walls and furnishings.

Level 1: the dank-smelling basement is stacked with bagged coal for the kitchen and for heating. Some of the lumps have deteriorated from moisture, but much of it can still be burned.

Level 2: once a living area-cum-kitchen. It contains a rusty kitchen stove, a table, two chairs, and a kitchen cupboard with pans, crockery, and ruined food.

- A shelf holds a few yellowed books on subjects such as lighthouse maintenance, ship recognition, meteorology, and shipping signals. There are several almanacs for the mid-1820s. Against the wall is an ancient fishing rod and a tackle box.
- On the wall is a streaked and cracked oil painting of a ship, which an appropriate Art roll discerns as being work by an early 19th-century amateur. It is signed *Tagg*.
- Along another part of the wall is a large tool chest, cracked and useless oilskin weather gear, and various lengths of heavy rope and iron chain.



THE STAR SPAWN STRIKES!

- There is also a station log book. It records storms, ships sighted, supply visits, and other visitors. Its entries are in only one hand, and the entries stop with the death of Andrew Muir, which is logged as an accidental drowning.

- If the investigators methodically examine the contents of this room, they notice a glass jar in the kitchen cupboard, closed and sealed with wax. It contains an odd dry compound. If the wax seal is broken, the stuff has a disagreeable odor. Held to a light, different colors of powder, including tiny metallic sparkles, can be distinguished. This jar contains the powder mentioned briefly in Tagg's journal. There are eight doses here. See Level 5.

Level 3: here are two bunks with mildewed bedding and two foot lockers—one filled with old clothes, and one holding dried paints, brushes, and rolls of canvas. There is a coal grate for warmth. Another ship painting adorns the wall and a cupboard contains more paintings on stretchers, all by the same artist. Most show ships and seascapes.

- Three paintings are of an American Indian woman standing on a wind-swept rock. She wears a talisman. If the investigators have seen Moira's talisman, a successful Spot Hidden notices that the talisman in the paintings is identical to hers.

- A tall locker marked *Explosives* holds a dozen antique rocket flares, a launching stand, extra fuses, and punk sticks (which stay lit in high winds). If the investigators decide to signal with one of these flares, they need a successful Luck roll to select one that will rocket itself into the sky and then explode as a signal. A signal flare will still make a noticeable signal at night even if only burned in a small fire. With a failing Luck roll, the black powder propellant is too inert to catch. If the Luck roll result is 96-00, a spark immediate to the flare causes it to explode, doing 1D3+1D3 burn damage to the person lighting its fuse. Igniting all the rocket flares would create a serious explosion, 6D6 damage with a radius of 3 yards. As a Know roll or Chemistry roll could point out, black powder is a powerful explosive, and unstable compared to dynamite.

Level 4: primarily fuel storage. Seven large wooden kegs held whale oil for the beacon (kerosene would not be common until the 1860s). Five kegs are full of the slightly sweet, slightly rancid oil. Two other kegs are empty and have split apart after drying out. With a successful Spot Hidden, the investigators notice some small grimy bricks inside one of the empty kegs. The little bricks are twenty bars of silver that Tagg had hidden away. If Moira finds or learns of these bars, her greed may get the better of her.

The room also holds enough spare parts to get the huge beacon lamp repaired and working.

Level 5: the stairs arrive inside the sturdy glass housing for the lamp. A small door opens onto a catwalk encircling the lamp housing. It is about 160 feet to the sea, a dizzying drop. Innsmouth is easily seen, and even Newburyport to the north. To the south, Kingsport Head gleams.

Within the housing is the great lamp itself, the huge lens that focuses the lamp, and the ingenious brass gears which would automatically swivel the beam of the lamp. The arc of the lamp can be adjusted or halted, as the keeper of the light chooses. The lamp needs some attention but can be made to work after a successful Mechanical Repair roll.

- Inside the lens housing, sitting on the lamp itself, is the fat journal of Bartholomew Tagg, identified on page one. Relevant portions are reproduced nearby as *Occulted Papers #4*. The ink has browned with age; parts are now illegible. The hand is the same as that which recorded the lighthouse logbook, found on Level 3.

Important entries in Tagg's *Journal* can be made out, as can what appears to be a Mythos spell written after the penultimate entry for 1838. The spell is not reproduced in the *Journal* handout. In clear English it describes a simple method for "summoning the piping demon", the spell Contact Servitor of the Outer Gods, summarized nearby.

The *Journal* takes an hour to read, costs 0/1 SAN, and adds +2 Cthulhu Mythos.

Summon/Bind Servitor of the Outer Gods: A Spell

This spell is written out in Tagg's journal. Verbally summarize the conditions for the spell. In doing so, try to depict the physical and emotional sensations experienced in casting the spell.

A single servitor arrives amid haunting echoes of insane piping. The magic point cost varies; for each magic point sacrificed, increase the chance for a successful cast by 10 percentiles; a result of 96-00 is always a failure. Each cast of this spell also costs 1D3 Sanity points. The caster also needs a book in which are written or inscribed the words of the spell. If the flute is enchanted, the chance for success increases by 10 percentiles per point of POW within. Cultists cast this spell anywhere and at any time that is especially unhallowed—typical nights would be Midsummer's Eve, May Day, Halloween, and Walpurgis Night.

Hydra's Temple; Sedna Revealed

At the south end of the rock are the twisted, corroded metal remains of a fog sounder straddling a narrow natural chimney in the rock. This leads down into a sea cave.

Foul, fishy stenches regularly gust up the chimney from below, accompanied by moaning winds. The cave to which the chimney leads is dry except during very high tides. Investigators can descend into it with a Climb roll. A passage twists from the cave to the sea, forming a wind tunnel. A larger, water-filled tunnel leads down to Sedna's lair, a dark submergent fastness far deeper than the tides.

The upper chamber is a temple to Hydra. Shamanic carvings and paintings, similar in style to Fish-Head Rock,

depict Hydra in blasphemous scenes. Viewing them costs 0/1D3 SAN.

As soon as Moira comes ashore, she feels strongly attracted to this end of the island. As soon as she can, perhaps while the investigators explore the lighthouse, she comes alone to the chimney in the rocks and climbs down. She recognizes the mood of the place from half-remembered dreams. She wants to spend time alone there. When she does, there, in the darkness and the sea smells, her ancestor is drawn to her by their blood kinship and the presence of the talisman. They will meet for the first time.

If Moira sleeps on the island, Sedna uses Send Dreams to portray further the glories of the deep ones, and to acquaint her with the power of the star-spawn. Moira's receptivity quickly convinces Sedna of Moira's piety and her respect for Hydra.

Sedna should stay in the background, if at all possible. Let Moira, with whom the investigators already are familiar, introduce the meaning of the star-spawn. She can tell them that they are trapped on the island. The knowledge has come to her in a vision. To motivate the investigators, she lies, claiming that the star-spawn will soon destroy them unless they help her kill it first.

Sedna tried once to kill the star-spawn but it regenerates too quickly and swims too fast for her. She hopes that the investigators can destroy the thing. If she needs, she can appear to them in the guise of the American Indian woman who seduced Tagg.

If the investigators deliberately attack Sedna, Moira will try to stop them. Sedna will show no mercy to the investigators if they hurt her or Moira. Sedna will kill them herself or hurl them to the star-spawn.

The Star-spawn

The star-spawn might be destroyed in several ways, each theoretically dangerous but not too dangerous.

- An intense fire, such as could be created using the kegs of oil from the lighthouse plus the explosive flares, might do the job. The keeper will have to have a loose boat arrive at Skivern Rock in order for this to happen. Perhaps the group can semaphore to their ferryman, and he and a Luck roll might send in another small boat. Dewey or Walter could include a flare gun if requested. Such an explosion might very well do 40 hit points, enough to kill the thing outright.

- Mentioned in Tagg's journal, the Baneful Dust is very powerful, but the *Journal* does not say what it is nor how to use it. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll might identify its general properties. Sedna might recall Tagg's inconsequential use of it and make a guess about it. Each dose potentially allows an attack for 2D6 damage, and there are eight doses. Armor is of no use against it. Baneful Dust can be cast as a suspended powder underwater by a swimmer willing to risk death, or it might be injected at a distance by a spear or a rocket with powder stuck to the tip in some fashion (glue, gelatin, in a bag, etc.).

Baneful Dust of Hermes Trismegistus: A Spell

This is the powder mentioned in Tagg's journal. This write-up is a summary from the Call of Cthulhu *rules, not a transcription from Tagg's journal. Once this powder is gone, there is no way to learn how to create more. Please note that this powder affects star-spawn but not deep ones.*

It only affects creatures of nonterrestrial origin (that excludes chthonians, deep ones, ghouls, humans, sand dwellers, serpent people, servants of Glaaki, zombies, etc., but not elder things, flying polyps, shoggoths, star-spawn, etc.). It costs 4 magic points and no Sanity to cast the creating spell; thereafter anyone may use the golden dust created. Only the most fearsome entities continue to fight after an application of this dust.

To apply the dust to a target requires that it be within reasonable Throw range or that it somehow otherwise be scattered to contact the target. A missile somehow injecting or spreading the stuff might work as well as a Throw. A strong fan might accomplish the same effect as any sort of Throw. A strong water current could also effect the same sort of attack. Each successful application burns the extraterrene for 2D6 damage. Armor does not protect against the dust. Any number of Throws may be performed. Even if thrown and missed, the nimbus of the powder still does 1 hit point of damage. The creature escapes damage only if the Throw roll is fumbled.

The dust's effects are horrible, and cost the sensitive observer 0/1D3 SAN to see. The creature flinches and flails, and sometimes screams. Its body smokes and burns as if eaten by powerful acid.

The formula for the dust requires eight common ingredients in a proportion of combined weight of about two pounds. Two ounces of this concoction is enough for one attack. Sixteen attacks could be provided for each time the recipe is followed. A successful Chemistry, Medicine, or Pharmacy roll is required for the batch to work; the player can make this roll, but cover the skill roll's result until the attack is actually made: No one should know if the batch is effective or ineffective.

- Contacting a servitor of the Outer Gods, if done with any flair, can break the binding of the star-spawn without delay. However, the servitor should ask for something, or be drawn away quickly, promising to return soon for its fee. "Soon" to a servitor must be a very long time. That promise can be suspended until the keeper has a firm idea of what the servitor will demand when it returns. Perhaps there is a precondition that must be achieved first?

- At the keeper's discretion, other solutions could be created. For instance, allow a small chance that Hydra might intercede and break the binding if the investigators convert to her worship. Let the investigators make their own choice, but either choice should cause complications.
- A fight between Sedna and the star-spawn, while always something to fall back on, first needs to be explained thoroughly. The investigators must somehow participate, or this makes no proper conclusion.

Conclusion

If the investigators please Sedna by helping destroy the star-spawn and show no violence toward her, she rewards them with safe passage from the rock. To help them, she kills the crew of the nearest fishing vessel and drags the boat to Skivern Rock. If the investigators learn that they are somewhat responsible for these new deaths, each loses 0/1D2 SAN for each crewman killed.

After reaching land, the keeper may award each investigator 1D4 Innsmouth Lore for what they have learned. As Sanity reward, if they kill, unbind, or otherwise get rid of the star-spawn, grant up to 1D20 SAN if they see most of the thing. Killing Sedna gains 1D6+1 SAN if she first attacked, but grant nothing if they learn about her and still kill her.

Statistics

JOY BROOKES, age 62, Increasingly Senile Grandmother of Moira Brookes

STR 8	CON 9	SIZ 9	INT 11	POW 11
DEX 8	APP 10	EDU 12	SAN 20	HP 9

Damage Bonus: +0.

Derangement: Senile Dementia.

Skills: Inconsequential Ramblings 90%, Innsmouth Lore 25%, Make Tea 65%.

NOAH ELIOT, age 50, Tax Assessor for Innsmouth

STR 8	CON 11	SIZ 10	INT 15	POW 12
DEX 5	APP 9	EDU 13	SAN 0	HP 11

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapons: Punch 30%, damage 1D3
.22 Automatic 25%, damage 1D6

Skills: Accounting 40%, Bargain 65%, Credit Rating 50% (within Innsmouth), Cthulhu Mythos 7%, Innsmouth Lore 71%, Law 35%, Library Use 50%, Persuade 55%.

JOE MEMPHIS, age 30, Shifty Innsmouth Hybrid

STR 13	CON 15	SIZ 9	INT 12	POW 12
DEX 14	APP 9	EDU 10	SAN	HP 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 50%, damage 1D3+1D4
.32 Revolver 35%, damage 1D8

Skills: Bargain 55%, Fast Talk 50%, Innsmouth Lore 40%, Sneak 65%, Spot Hidden 75%.

FISHERMAN / FERRYMAN (Walter Bielacki or Dewey Smith)

STR 16	CON 14	SIZ 15	INT 11	POW 12
DEX 14	APP 10	EDU 9	SAN 25	HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Derangements: Delusions (Smith), Alcoholism (Bielacki).

Weapons: Punch 60%, damage 1D3+1D4;
Jack Handle or other Club 45%, damage 1D6 + 1D4

Skills: Bargain 45%, Craft (Fish) 50%, Innsmouth Lore 21%, Navigate 65%, Pilot Boat 75%, Swim 60%.

ORDINARY HYBRID (could be the oarsman, for instance)

STR 12	CON 11	SIZ 13	INT 10	POW 11
DEX 10	APP 6	EDU 7	SAN 0	HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 50%, damage 1D3

Skills: Innsmouth Lore 35%, Swim 90%.

MOIRA BROOKES, age 22, Attractive and Without Compunction

STR 10	CON 12	SIZ 11	INT 16	POW 17
DEX 14	APP 14	EDU 13	SAN 65	HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 50%, damage 1D3
.32 Revolver 40%, damage 1D8

Skills: Bargain 60%, Cthulhu Mythos 12%, Deep One Communication 7%, Drive Auto 35%, Fast Talk 65%, Innsmouth Lore 45%, Library Use 35%, Listen 55%, Psychology 55%, Sneak 30%, Swim 60%.

Spells: Chant of Thoth, Contact Deep One (cast from Skivern Rock, it will contact only Sedna).

Artifact: she wears a talisman adding 10 percentiles to the chance to cast Contact Deep One.

In her purse: $9 in paper money, a coin purse with $.79 in change and five $20 gold pieces in the lining, cosmetics, a mirror, five $100 bills rolled inside an empty lipstick tube, six .32 bullets wrapped in a handkerchief.

SMALL STAR-SPAWN

STR 30	CON 25	SIZ 40	INT 15	POW 18
DEX 10	Move 20/20 swimming			HP 33

Damage Bonus: +3D6.

Weapons: 1D4 Tentacles 80%, damage 1D6+1D3 per tentacle
Claw 80%, damage 3D6

Spells: none.

Armor: 10-pt hide, regenerates 3 hit points per round.

Sanity Loss: 1D6/1D20 SAN.

SEDNA, Semi-immortal Deep One Priestess of Hydra

STR 32	CON 25	SIZ 25	INT 18	POW 21
DEX 13	Move 8/10 swimming		HP 25	MP 21

Damage Bonus: +3D6.

Weapons: Claw 50%, damage 1D6+3D6
Hunting Spear 60%, damage 1D6+3D6

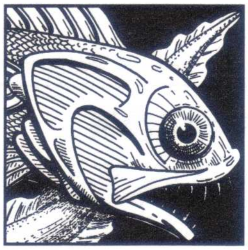
Armor: 4-point scales.

Spells: Alter Weather*, Attract Fish*, Breath of the Deep*, Contact Deep One, Contact Hydra, Siren's Song*, Soul Singing, Wave of Oblivion.

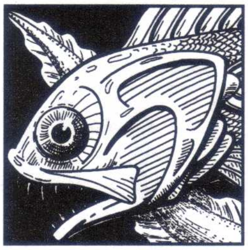
**for these spells see* Call of Cthulhu *5.5 or* Escape from Innsmouth*.*

Artifact: Curse Whistle.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D6+1 SAN. ■



Handouts



Wherein all of the handouts from this book are collected for ease of use. Permission granted to copy for personal use.

Before the Fall Handout Index

Mary Papers #1

The Arkham Advertiser--May 13, 1904

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SEARCH FOR LOCAL WOMAN CONTINUES

Martha Lamar Still Missing

Arkham--Police investigating the mysterious disappearance of Martha Lamar questioned and released her husband, Ben Lamar, today. A police spokesman stated that Mr. Lamar was under no suspicion of wrongdoing. Mrs. Lamar disappeared while the newlyweds were on holiday at Falcon Point.

Mary Papers #2

DEATH ANNOUNCEMENTS

Annette March, née Boyd

Annette March, née Boyd, passed away January 21, 1905, after a long illness. She is survived by her son, Mark. Services will be held at Christchurch Episcopal in Arkham on January 24.

Mary Papers #3

Advertise

ham's finest newspaper"

: "A penny saved is a penny yearned."

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VIOLENT BURGLARY ON DERBY STREET

Victim Shaken but Alive

Arkham—Police are investigating a violent robbery which occurred yesterday afternoon at 51 East Derby Street in Arkham. The householder's son, Mark Jeffries, was severely beaten, and valuable silver items were stolen.

The assault and robbery took place late yesterday afternoon. Police request that witnesses with information contact them immediately. The investigating officer, Detective Harrigan, stated, "We want to catch this thug before he strikes again."

Mr. Thomas Jeffries, the owner of the house, said, "It's not so much the valuables that we mind losing, but my wife is devastated by the loss of our son's graduation photograph."

Mary Papers #6

ENGAGEMENTS

Thomas Jeffries & Janet Boyd

Caroline and Samuel Boyd are pleased to announce the engagement of their daughter Janet to Mr. Thomas Jeffries of Arkham this February 13, 1897. The wedding will be held in May, at Christchurch Episcopal in Arkham, to be followed by a reception hosted by the parents of the bride.

Mr. Jeffries is a graduate of Miskatonic University and a respected local businessman.

Mary Papers #4

n Advertiser

2, Arkham's finest newspaper"

WEATHER:
Mostly sunny with a slight chance of showers

UGHT OF THE DAY: "To do is to be." TWO CENTS

CULT!

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MAN FOUND DEAD IN ARKHAM APARTMENT!

Arkham—Following an anonymous tip, police found James Mulcahy, unemployed, dead in his apartment at 21 South Sentinel Street, Arkham. Cause of death has not been announced.

They also recovered a quantity of stolen property which this reporter understands to include the bulk of the items stolen yesterday from Mr. and Mrs. Jeffries of Derby Street, in this city.

The inquest into Mr. Mulcahy's death was adjourned until the results of the post mortem could be clarified. Police wish to speak to anyone in the area yesterday evening between 6 p.m. and 9 p.m.

Detective Harrigan noted that "while we are delighted to have solved several recent burglaries, we will investigate the murder of James Mulcahy with all due vigor."

Mary Papers #5

ENGAGEMENTS

Alan March & Annette Boyd

Caroline and Samuel Boyd are pleased to announce the engagement of their daughter Annette to Mr. Alan March of Innsmouth this February 13, 1895. The wedding will be held in August, at Christchurch Episcopal in Arkham.

Acquaintance Papers #1

Dear Friend,

Though it has been years since we last corresponded, I hope that our bond of friendship is as strong as ever. Recent events have led me to see things which should not be seen by a rational man, and I am sure my life is in danger because of it. Please come here as soon as possible! On the back of this letter is a map showing where I am by way of Rowley. Do not travel through Innsmouth! You are my only hope.

Willy Harsen

Mary Papers #7

Advertiser

ıam's finest newspaper"

AY: "All's well that ends."

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SAVAGE MURDER AT THE TIMBLETON ARMS!

Police speculate this may be start of new gangland Prohibition wars

Arkham—The body of a man in his twenties was found murdered yesterday afternoon in a third floor apartment of the Timbleton Arms. No identification has been announced.

Management of the building became alarmed by evidence that the apartment had been broken into, and called police before entering.

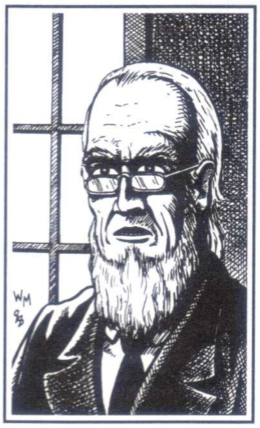
Detective Harrigan, who has been much in the news of late, refused to comment on the discovery except to say that the police wish to speak to the current occupant of the apartment, Miss Mary Longman.

Sources in the police department did not connect the occupant to the crime, since the crime was obviously committed by a man. Some speculated that the slaying heralds a new round in gangland Prohibition wars.

Acquaintance Papers #3

Dr. Bloom's Story

Dr. Bloom keeps an eye on Birch through the window, waiting until he is far down the block before he speaks to the investigators. He then clears his throat and begins a story:



DOCTOR BLOOM

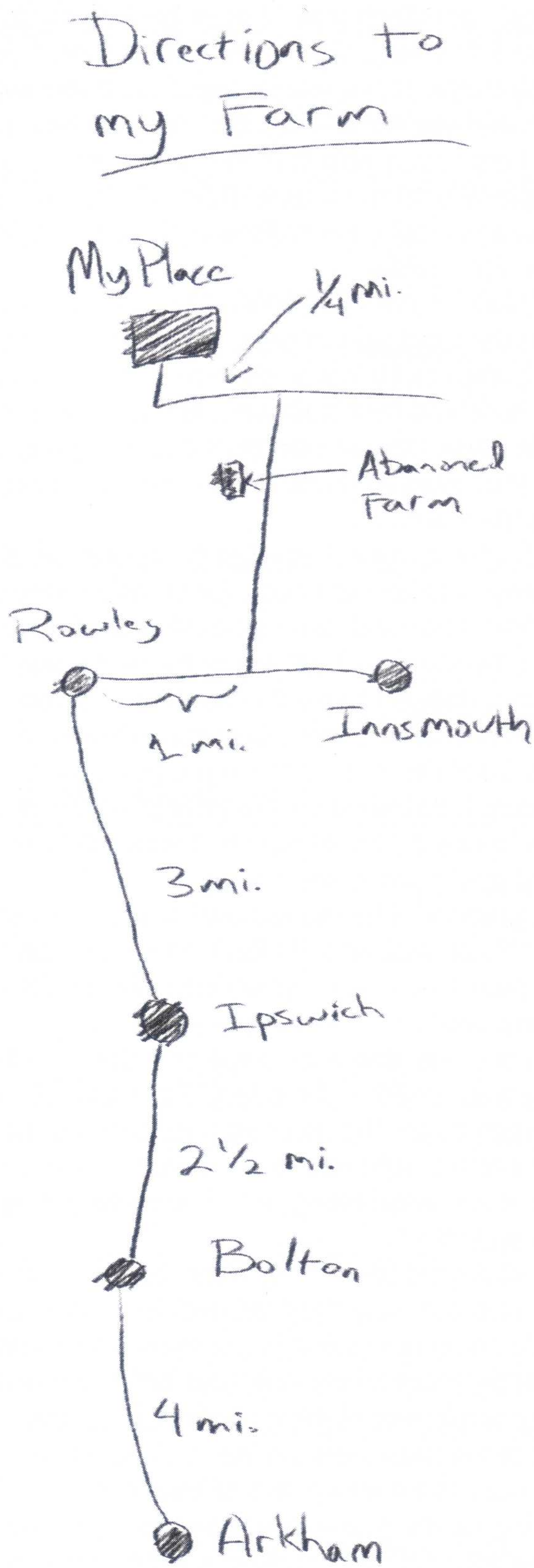
"I know the authorities here in Innsmouth, and I know they're not gonna do a thing. I've been here near forty years, and I know how this town works. I've also been practicing medicine all that time, and I've treated every kind of sickness you can catch in this town. I haven't seen this condition before, and I don't know how they did it, but I'll bet I know who did it.

"A few years back we had some problems down by the harbor. Three of the fishermen who lived down there died. The only connection between the men was that shortly before each died he'd had a run-in with Harris Jakes or Sandy Lanier, two partner fishermen. In one case the pair were accused of holing a net. Another was about the theft of some beer. No matter what it was about anybody who crossed them seemed to come up dead. The law didn't care. A few dead fishermen meant a few less drunks to roust the next day.

"I've no idea how your friend would have met Jakes and Lanier, but I reckon he had a run-in with them. They still live down by the harbor, in the shanty town the fishermen have. If you want to see anything done about your friend's death, I advise you to pay them a visit."

With that Dr. Bloom ushers the investigators out of his residence, not answering any further questions.

Acquaintance Papers #5



Acquaintance Papers #2

Willy Harsen's Statement



WILLY HARSEN

"When I got discharged I went back to my farm in Dunwich, and thought I'd work that land until I died. But in recent years I was less and less happy there. Three weeks ago I . . . threw everything I owned into my truck and started driving, looking for a new place to call home. Problem was I didn't pay attention to my gas tank, and I just lucked out to find this place before my tank dried up. With my peg leg here I wasn't going to want to walk back to Rowley for gas, so I figured this was going to be home for a while.

"Lucky for me I had a neighbor. Fellow by the name of Casper; he lives down the road east of here. He saw my truck and came over to see what was going on. He's a good man, and got me some gasoline. I decided to stay here and farm a little bit: enough to get by on and maybe a little to sell in town. Casper warned me about going to Innsmouth, and told me how they inbreed there. I don't think that kind of thing is right, so I did my best to stay away from the place.

"Until last week. I needed groceries, but since it was getting dark I didn't want to go to Rowley; with all the twists, turns, and potholes on the road to there I can only drive it in the daylight. The road to Innsmouth is easier for a one-eyed man. I shopped at the grocery store there. By the time I got out of there the sun was down, and on my way home I got turned around. Before I knew it I was at the harbor, and that's when it happened.

"I wasn't going more than ten miles an hour when this dog comes running across the road. There was no time for me to hit the brakes, and I was too surprised to swerve out of the way. It bounced off the front of my truck and onto the sidewalk. I pulled over and went back to see if I could help it. It was totally still. I thought I'd check to see if it had a tag, so I could apologize to the owner.

"I grabbed it by the leg and dragged it behind me to under a streetlight, so I could read the tag if there was one. Its leg was kinda rubbery to the touch, but I figured it was just diseased and paid it no mind. Once I was underneath the streetlight I turned around to look at it. That's when I started screaming.

"It was the size and shape of a dog, but that was where the resemblance ended. Its entire body was green and rubbery, like a tadpole, and its legs ended in claws that had webbing between them. But its head and face was what caused me to scream. Its eyes were larger than normal, and its mouth stretched from ear to ear, but aside from that I tell you it was the face of a human being! It had ears like us, and a nose like us. It even had hair on its head cut nice and short.

"I stumbled back to my truck. My screams brought out some of the residents. As soon as they saw the thing they ran over to it, and I swear they were trying to help it! One of the women who'd come out took it in her arms and started to cry when she realized it was dead. That's when they looked my way, and with them under the streetlight I got a good look at them. And every single one of them had those popeyes and elongated mouths, just like the thing I had hit!

"I drove back here as fast as I could and got ready for a siege. I figured they'd come here and get me for killing one of their own, but as the days passed I realized their plan. They're waiting for me to make a break for it, so they can ambush me out in the marsh. That's why I wrote you; safety in numbers, right? I mean, with you and your friends with me they won't dare do anything. One person disappearing wouldn't draw any attention to them and their town, but a whole group? No, with you here I'm safe."

Acquaintance Papers #4

Lanier and I confronted the sap. He turned white as a sheet. He threatened to tell the Order what we'd said. We laughed at him and told him to go ahead, tell them. He didn't say anything to that.

He came down to the harbor today, to give us a sawbuck. He got mad when we told him we want another every 2 weeks, but he'll cough it up. He is a coward. Makes this a sweet deal. The Order may respek him for his books and powers, but they're just as disgusted by him as us. Imagine pretending to be human! He is an unworthy son of Dagon. Tonight me and Lanier will drink up his money!

Rawes didn't drop his money off this morning. I sent Smith to his place with a message to give him the jitters.

Connection Papers #1

– Ephraim Babson, Esq. –

April 29, 1906

My Dear Nephew,

My days here are limited. I do not know how much longer I shall be able to choose to remain among men; His voice grows strong, calling me down, and the final ritual draws near.

When I have gone, this place shall be yours. I have arranged for the transfer of the deed, and I urge you to return to your heritage. It is what your father would have wanted; it is where you belong. Follow the trail I have blazed, Virgil, and guide your son into His service. What honor! What glory!

When you arrive, mark this well: use caution in your dealings with that which I have imprisoned, for it makes a surly servant and one full of guile. Would that I had heeded the Arab's warning! If you learn from my mistakes, the sacrifice shall not have been in vain.

Yours in the service of the Master,

Ephraim

Occulted Papers #1

Dear Mrs. Brookes,

I thank you for your kind agreement in becoming the guardian of the child Winston. He is without the guidance of a proper mother and I feel certain that he will reward your love by easing the pain of the loss of your own husband and son in the storms of three years past. The silver I have supplied will provide for his upbringing and your comfort. I shall continue to reimburse your efforts with further payments in the years to come, for tomorrow will always bring more wealth but the guiding hand of tenderness may not be delayed. I also entrust to you the trinket enclosed. It has no monetary value but I wish Winston to have it. I entreat you to show the child kindness and ask you that you endeavor to not let the sins of his father fall upon the soul of his son.

Yours faithfully,
Bartholomew Tagg,
Skivern Light

Occulted Papers #2

Dearest Moira,

It is my hope that you will one day attain certain legacies, the exact nature of which I may not divulge. To this end I urge you to discover all you can about our family and its history. I had hoped to complete such investigations myself but my health denies me my dream. It is my wish that you fulfill my work and discover our connection with Skivern Rock.

Your loving Father,
Jonathan Brookes

Occulted Papers #4

1822: The lighthouse is a grave responsibility but it does give me daylight time to paint. Alas, my company is that fool Muir. He is a bore. He has contempt for my craft. Everything he does is designed to irk me. Why will he not leave me alone? I fear I may have misconceived how to find my proper solitude.

1822: It has been four months since we last talked. He leaves notes when it is my turn to meet the boat.

1824: The Fog Sounder is now in place. Another dolorous sound in this lonely hell. At least Muir had to speak to me while we repaired it. In spite of my loathing for him, his voice was welcome. It has been too long since I heard anything that did not fill me with desolation. The sea is never quiet. I will leave this place at next opportunity.

1824: I heard a woman's voice. She sang to me! Not to Muir. No, his ears were not meant for it. Muir spoke to me that same day, and his voice was like splitting rocks in contrast. I hate his timbre even more than his insolence. The Sounder has broken again.

1824: I have seen her—I almost thought her a ghost. She is beautiful in her primitive way. As wild as the sea. She touched me and I was filled with ecstasy, but she vanished before I came to my senses.

1824: I have talked with her. She understands me. She despises Muir as I do! She wants me to save her from her loneliness as she wants to save me from mine. All she requires is that I fulfill the urges I have suppressed for two years! I shall do it tonight.

1824: The authorities are satisfied but I have played it too fine. No one will man the Rock with me, and yet I must return to my beloved.

1825: Sedna showed me the monster. I am shaken to my soul. I can write no more of this.

1825: Sedna has made another demand. What can I do but obey? I shall put out the light and the beast shall feed. I do not understand their connection. What does it matter?

1827: Again I have been her accomplice. I occulted the light for thirteen souls. How could I not hear their screams above the storm? The authorities will ask questions.

1828: The flesh was not so repulsive as I feared.

1831: Sixteen sacrificed. The beast brought me their bullion. What good does it do me?

1835: Twenty-eight drowned. One made it to the Rock. I stood at the door as Sedna dragged him back into the water. His eyes haunt me.

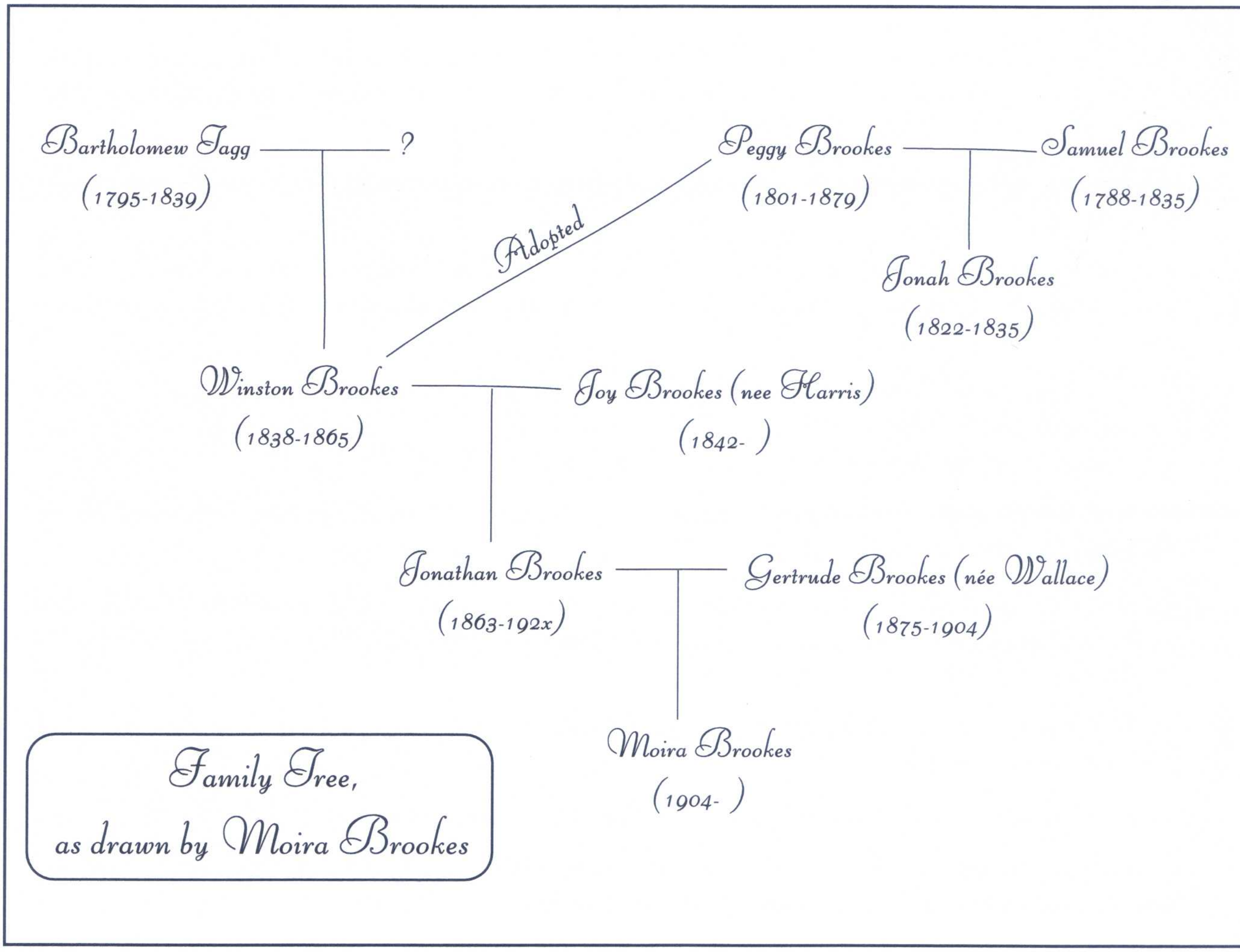
1837: Sedna is with child!

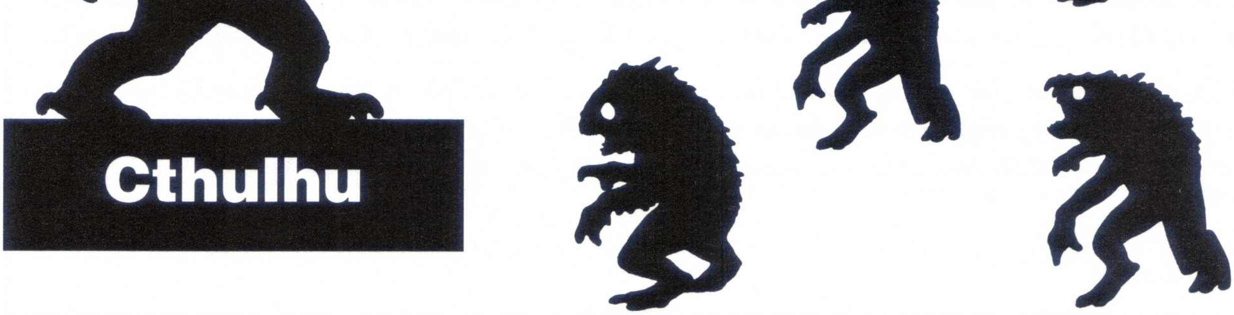
1838: The birth was painful. I feared for my love and my child. It was not as I feared—the boy is human. Sedna looked upon him with rage. I fled with him while she recovered, hailing a fisherman who took me to port. Sedna must not harm the babe. My soul is lost, but I will not permit the damnation of my child.

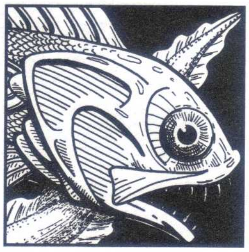
1838: Winston is safe with the widow Brookes. Averill was sympathetic. He has taught me his magic and so I begin my treachery. This is a way which I commit to paper lest I forget some nuance, but the other way is simple.

1838: I have failed. She read my eyes and knew what I was about, and then neither ritual nor hurling the powder did affect her. My stratagems have doomed me. She lives. She is just outside, guiding another of her storms. Her fury hammers at the door. She is so powerful. I deserve my fate. May God protect my son!

Occulted Papers #3

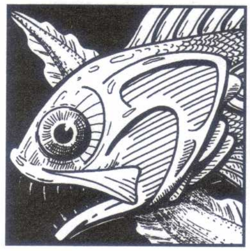






Lovecraft Country

Wherein nearby locales are very briefly described to offer a quick overview of Lovecraft Country.



Lovecraft Country is a land located in the northeast of Massachusetts. The most important portion stretches along the Miskatonic River valley, from Dunwich in the far west to where it enters the Atlantic Ocean, between Arkham, Kingsport, and Martin's Beach. References to other books in the *Lovecraft Country* series are noted when they contain central information. Many of them are currently out of print.

Annisquam—A summer resort community that is located within Gloucester (see below).

Arkham—pop. 22,562, settled in 1692, incorporated in 1699. Textiles form the bulk of the present industry. Home of Miskatonic University. Mysterious sightings have occurred in nearby Billington's Woods and at Nahum Gardner's farm, both located west of town. Detailed in *The Compact Arkham Unveiled*, *Miskatonic University*, *Adventures in Arkham Country*, and *Tales of the Miskatonic Valley*.

Beverly—pop. 27,478, settled in 1626 as part of Salem, incorporated in 1688. Home of the first cotton mill in the U.S. (1788). Shoes and shoe manufacturing machinery are its main industries. *Located 3 miles southwest of Arkham.*

Bolton—pop. 15,539, founded in 1650. An industrial town specializing in shoes, leather goods, and textiles. *Located 3 miles north of Arkham.*

Clark's Corners—pop. 0, founded 1769. A once-prosperous village that was abandoned in the late 1800s due to strange events following a meteorite fall. A fine gray powder still covers the Gardner farm, where the meteorite landed. The ruins of this village will soon be flooded to create the Arkham Reservoir. Detailed in *The Compact Arkham Unveiled. Located 1.5 miles west of Arkham.*

Dunwich—pop. 373, settled in 1692. A small farming community. Formerly the site of several large lumber mills. Dark forces seem ascendant among the decadent inhabitants of Dunwich. Detailed in *Return to Dunwich* and *Adventures in Arkham Country. Located 70 miles northwest of Arkham.*

Essex—pop. 1654, first settled in 1634, incorporated in 1819. Famous for its small shipyards and its clam beds. *Located 5 miles northeast of Arkham.*

Falcon Point—pop. 56, settled in 1696. A small fishing village just south of Innsmouth. Detailed in *Escape from Innsmouth* and *Adventures in Arkham Country*.

Gloucester—pop. 25,101, first settled by English fishermen in 1623, incorporated 1642. A popular summer resort and the greatest saltwater fishing port in the U.S. Within the city limits is the summer resort community of Annisquam. *Located 8 miles east of Arkham.*

Innsmouth—pop. 367, founded in 1643. Originally active in the China trade. Launched many privateers during the Revolutionary War and War of 1812. Fishing is the main industry. A small gold refinery is still in operation. Innsmouth is being controlled by the decadent Marsh family, and for years there have been hints of a malevolent force living beneath the sea, at nearby Devil Reef. Detailed in *Escape from Innsmouth. Located 6.5 miles northeast of Arkham.*

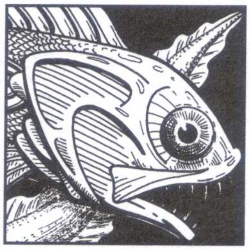
Ipswich—pop. 6098, first settled in 1633 as Aggawam, incorporated in 1634. A popular summer resort and site of the oldest arched bridge in America. The home to the Rev. Nathaniel Ward. *Located 5 miles north of Arkham.*

Kingsport—pop. 7834, founded in 1639, incorporated in 1651. Home port of numerous privateers during the Revolutionary War. A summer resort and artist colony. Fishing is the main industry. Rumors abound of a strange fire cult worshiping beneath the streets of Kingsport. Detailed in *Kingsport: The City in the Mists* and *Tales of the Miskatonic Valley. Located 2 miles south of Arkham.*

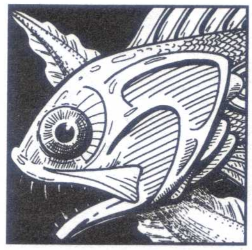
Manchester—pop. 2599, settled 1630. A resort area thought by some to be the most beautiful on the Atlantic coast and a favorite summer residence with many foreign diplomats. *Located 3 miles southeast of Arkham.*

Martin's Beach—pop. 867, first settled in 1644. A small fishing village and vacation spot. On occasion, a strange creature has been seen in the ocean. More recently, this village has been the center of a strange epidemic of grave robberies. Detailed in *Dead Reckonings. Located 2 miles southeast of Arkham.*

Salem—pop. 44,688, founded in 1626 by Roger Conant. Site of the Salem witch trials of 1692 and birthplace of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Salem was once very active in the China trade and was the home of America's first millionaire, Elias Haskett Derby. The town launched many privateers during the Seven Years War, the Revolutionary War, and the War of 1812. Home of the Essex Institute, the Peabody Maritime Museum, and the Salem Athenaeum. *Located 3.5 miles southwest of Arkham.* ■



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Wherein the important references in this book are listed, with the most vital highlighted in bold.

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Now Leaving Innsmouth



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Before the Fall

Fright Night 4
Nights of Terror

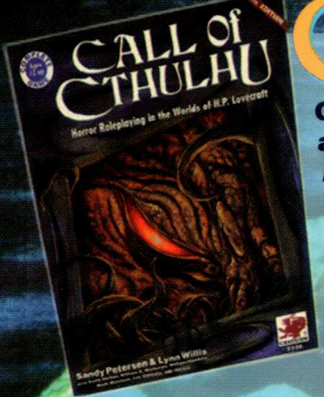
Decadent Innsmouth—it is a home to stagnant dreams and lost hopes. Once it was a jewel on the Massachusetts coast, but now it has fallen, its days of glory long gone. Hidden in the fallen buildings, under the silted harbor, and behind the faces of the sullen inhabitants lie secrets, malign and evil.



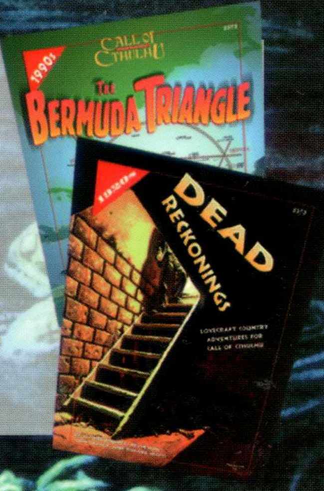
Before the Fall features four adventures set in and around Innsmouth prior to the federal government raid of 1928. From Arkham to Falcon's Point and in Innsmouth itself, investigators confront the mysteries that form the shadow over Innsmouth.

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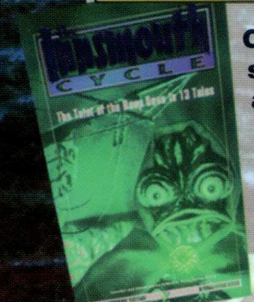
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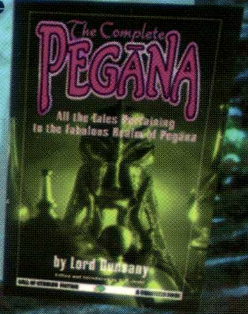
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